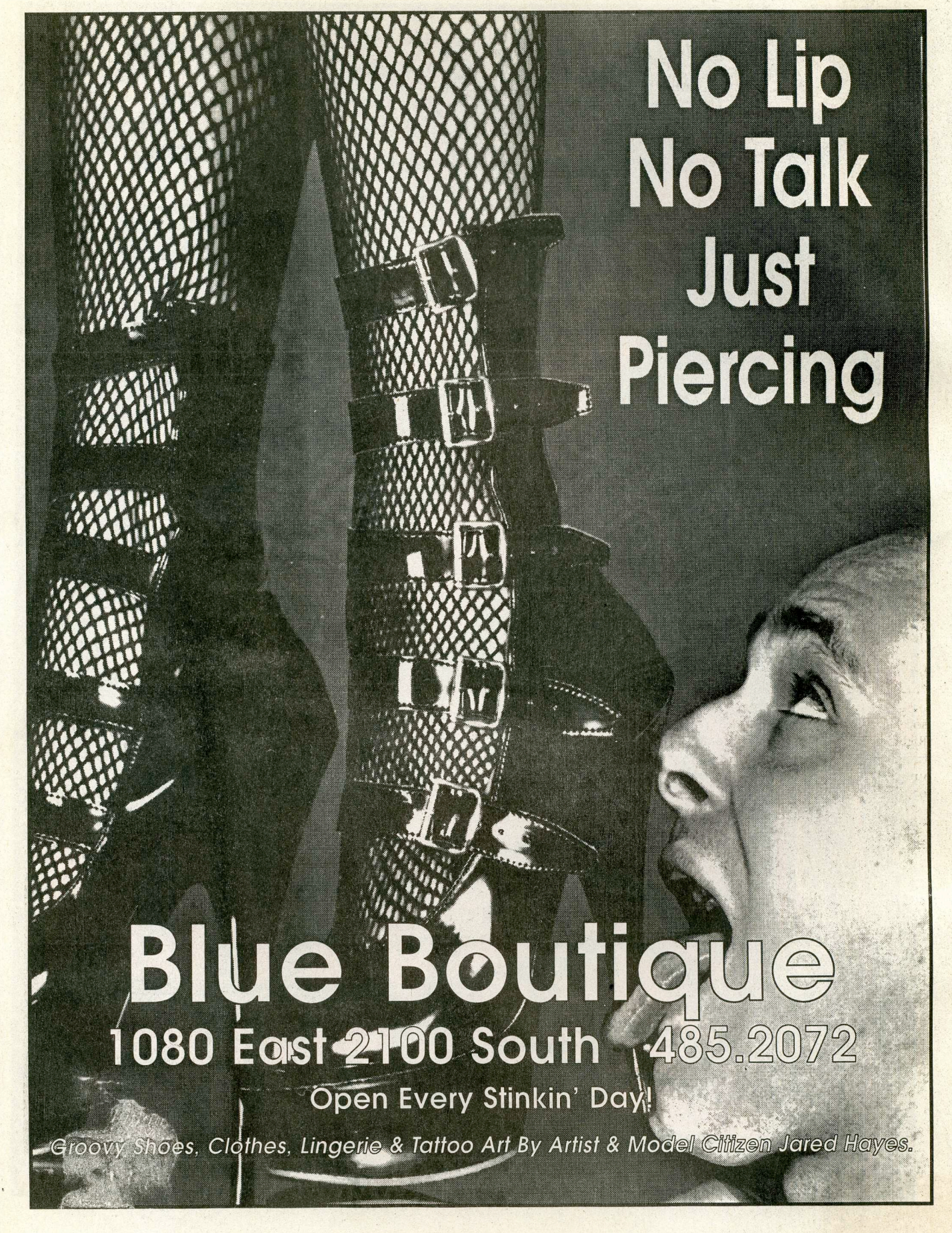




SLUG

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From: Lincoln Hirschi, 1hirscli@slcc.edu
To: dicks@slugmag.com

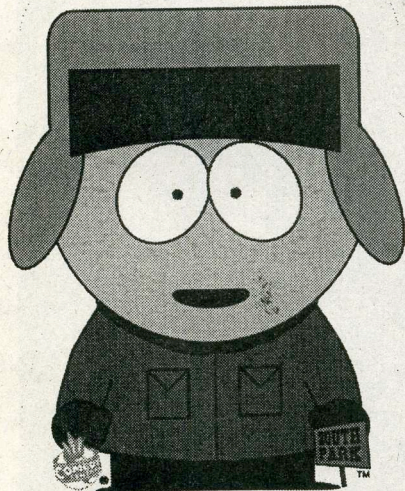
Dear Dickheads,

Normally I wouldn't waste valuable drinking time writing to anyone, let alone you bozos. But the other night, during that aforementioned drinking time, I was rudely reminded that the deadheads are still allowed in public. What's worse is that some of them sometimes realize that the world still turns after the demise of ol' Captain Trips. Therefore in between bong loads some of them slink out of the house and down to the local saloon where good ol' beer swillin' pigs like you and I are busy suckin' the suds and waxin' belligerent about things we don't understand. Like things other than sports. The particular incident that's got me all riled occurred last week and I still remember it. And by god I don't remember much. So the Jerry's kid in question that I and the Moondog had the misfortune of being in earshot of goes on this heart-rending tale about how Jerry "wasn't ready to die yet." About how, in between toots in his BMW, he was still "humble." This walking time warp even had the audacity to imply that Jerry was somehow morally superior to Keith Richards because he didn't have a blood transfusion! Where do these clowns come up with this shit!?! But the kicker, the coup de grace, the monkey's uncle, was

this, and I quote: "They should have just kept Jerry alive on maintenance doses so he wouldn't have had to die so that he could still be here to share his music with his people." No shit! This hair farmer actually believed that someone who didn't want to live (and Garcia obviously didn't) should be kept alive so that he and his dirt bag ilk wouldn't have to get a life! Maybe while they were at it they should have kept Kurt's guns loaded with blanks. Or Stevie Ray out of helicopters. Jesus. Anyway, all this ranting and raving has made me thirsty. I'm off to pound the ol' Budweiser. Just remember-THEY ARE OUT THERE!

From: Michael Williams,
project_fourtenty@email.state.ut.us
To: deardickheads@slugmag.com

First of all, Dolphins are mammals just like you and me. Second, send my spotted owl to the solar powered boat across the lake. Now, I have been reading slug, (That's right, Reading. Not just looking for the newest softcore Blue Boutique Ad.) ever since I first saw it a few years ago. Ever since then I haven't met a copy I didn't like. One thing I must protest though, this whole "X-96 sucks because it's popular" movement. I look at it this way, X-96 and whoever really owns them, are a business. Just like any other commercial radio station. And shoot me if I'm



This issue was made possible by the new Macintosh G3.

Thanks to the super cool dudes at MadMac.

Oh yeah and Rick thanks man It's kickass.

...Slug...



APRIL 1998
Volume 10 Issue 4 #112

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Our Thanks to...

Mark Ross, Jason B, Nickj, Kevin,
Salt City, Burts, Mom & Bella

SLUG is published by the 5th of each month. The writing is contributed by freelance writers. The writing is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of SLUG. We are NOT legally responsible for its writers or advertisers.

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THE DEADLINE IS THE 1ST OF EACH MONTH...CAPEESH!

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APR. 22 W	APR. 23 Th	APR. 24 F	APR. 25 S
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APR. 29 W	APR. 30 Th	GENE LOVES JEZEBEL w/ DAVE WAKELING (OF GENERAL PUBLIC & THE ENGLISH BEAT)	
WE THE LIVING	CORK		

...Dear Dickheads cont...

wrong, but isn't the whole idea of having a business to make money? Relax, someday some other crap is going to fill up the mainstream, and you can have you precious "individuality" back. Until then we must be tolerant to the trends, and bide our time. Keep being "yourself" and make sure you have the latest scoop on that geniuses Trent What New Album? Reznor, and Marilyn I Can't Believe They Fell For It Manson.

P.S. Grid was at least good for a laugh, if not free paper airplane building material.

— Kentucky Fried Mike.

Dear dickheads,

This is concerning Jon Titus's letter in the last issue. The various art and photos in SLUG have amused me since its very beginning. The female form is one of my favorite recurring themes in art and advertising, but it appears that Jon Titus is a bit confused (or possibly just a cheap tight ass.) Maybe I am confused but I never took SLUG as being a skin mag, and if Jon wants to see more "tits" maybe he should look at the under side of a nursing dog or actually go buy (i.e. pay for) a porn magazine. Just a few ideas.

Yours truly,

Winky (aka blissDK)

To: dicks@slugmag.com

links-what the hell was that all about? we did enjoy the Darwin awards (keep um coming) what is slug? local(salt lake) or global we found some slug material in German and Spanish....

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Instead of doing an Oscar Review ,
I said who cares.
L.A. Confidential was the Best Picture,
and Jack is the man...

The Full Monty

You've heard all about it, now
see for yourself. Naked Men!! Whoo
Hooo! Funny show, endearing charac-
ters, this is a no big explosions, no chase
scenes, no hard to swallow plot, no bull-
shit movie. Just a funny story with a
story hidden behind it, like movies are
supposed to be.

She's So Lovely

"...the world is controlled by a computer
and seven women. One has brown hair,
one has blonde hair, blue hair, black hair,
green hair, one has no hair... is that
seven?"

Sean Penn poses the question to
Harry Dean Stanton before he goes nuts.
Then John Travolta and Penn have some
words... Cool movie. Don't turn it off if
the beginning bugs you. It's a little weird
and quirky, but it is worth seeing.

Mimic

This movie seriously gave me
the creeps. Maybe cause I was alone, or
maybe cause I hate bugs. It definitely
wasn't Mira Sorvino. She was killer as
the bug lady. The more I see her, the
more I like her. This is a horror flick that
some will dismiss as bullshit. Well, it IS

A HORROR FLICK!!
If the things that
happened in these
movies happened all
the time, then they
wouldn't be scary,
now would they?

Always Outnumbered

I loved this
show. Lawrence
Fishburn as an ex
convict who is trying
to make things right
by helping out the
people in his neigh-
borhood. Look hard
to find it, as it was an
original HBO movie.
Very cool. Guest shot
by Cicely Tyson and
Natalie Cole.

I Know What You Did Last Summer

From the makers of "Scream"
Jennifer Love Hewitt (Whoitt?) and pals
get into trouble when TEENS DRINK
AND DRIVE PART 3!!! Horror show for
twenty somethings... I liked "Scream,"
but this was a little too much like the
Party of Five horror movie, or Melrose
Murder, or Beverly Hills 9021-ooooh!!
Freddie Prinze Jr. plays Love's guy pal,
and is really good. Must be inherited.
Spend the three bucks, but don't get all
pissy afterwards...

Texas Chainsaw Massacre The Next Generation

Matthew McConaughy and
Renee Zellwegger in the sequel to Texas
Chainsaw Massacre 1, 2, 3, 4, 5... you
get the picture. You are either a Texas
Chainsaw Massacre fan or you are not. I
am. Mutilation and murder hold a spe-
cial place in my heart. The premise is
weak though. You can't just cut people
up and brutalize women. Well, you can,
but it's nice if there's a story behind it.

U Turn

Arizona is a bad place. This is
proof. Well, there's more proof, but we
won't get into it right here. Sean Penn,
Jon Voight, Nick Nolte, Jennifer Lopez,
Billy Bob Thornton... the list goes on.
There are many morals to this story. The
most obvious is that when your car
breaks down on a desert road and the
first person you see is a mechanic with
four inch thick glasses and brown teeth...
**TURN AROUND AND WALK
FUCKING HOME!**

Ulee's Gold

Peter Fonda is great in this
movie. I loved it. Good story. Good
characters. Maybe a comeback film for
Fonda? Who knows, but he is in rare
form for this movie.

—Mr. Pink

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Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, And Extraterrestrial Quakers!

Will Schmidt

On July 20, 1969 Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldren landed on the moon. What did they find? Was there life on the moon? Had anyone been on the moon before them? We all know that as they stepped out of their lunar module on that day, they stepped out on a barren, airless, uninhabitable wasteland; a place upon which it is impossible for man to live without special equipment.

Most Mormons living today would agree with that assessment of the moon. What about Mormons living during the time of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young? What did they believe about life on the moon?

According to Oliver B. Huntington, Joseph Smith taught that "The inhabitants of the moon are more of a uniform size than the inhabitants of the earth, being about 6 feet in height.

"They dress very much like the Quaker style and are quite general in style, or fashion of dress"

"They live to be very old; coming generally, near a thousand years"

This is the description of them as given by Joseph the seer, and he could 'See' whatever he asked the father in the name of Jesus to see," (Journal of Oliver B. Huntington, Vol. 3, p. 166; as recorded at the Utah State Historical Society).

Oliver B. Huntington wrote the proceeding statement in 1881. In 1892 he made a similar statement in the Young Woman's Journal, a church publication:

"Astronomers and philosophers have, from time almost immemorial until very recently, asserted that the moon was uninhabited, that it had no atmosphere, etc. But recent discoveries, through the means of powerful telescopes, have given scientists a doubt or two upon the old theory"

"Nearly all the great discoveries of man in the last half century have, in one way or another, either directly or indirectly, contributed to prove Joseph Smith to be

a Prophet"

"As far back as 1837, I know that he said the moon was inhabited by men and women the same as this earth, and that they lived to be a greater age than we do, that they lived generally to near the age of 1000 years."

"He described the men as averaging near six feet in height, and dressing quite uniformly in something near the Quaker style."

"In my Patriarchal blessing, given by the father of Joseph the Prophet, in Kirtland, 1937, I was told that I should preach the gospel to the inhabitants of the sea -- to the inhabitants of the moon, even the planet you can now behold with your eyes," (Vol. 3, pp. 263-264).

Mormon author Van Hale, in an effort to defend Joseph Smith's strange teaching says:

"Did Joseph Smith believe in an inhabited moon? From the historical evidence no available the answer must be: Not proven," (How Could a Prophet Believe in Moonmen?; as quoted in Gilbert Scharffs' The Truth About the Godmakers, p. 119).

Despite the previous statement, Van Hale is forced to admit that Joseph Smith believed in moonmen:

"But all things considered, the possibility, or probability, that he did cannot be reasonably denied," (Ibid).

Both Scharffs and Van Hale contend that Joseph Smith should not be held accountable for this particular belief because his contemporaries believed that there was life on the moon, too. Despite these vain attempts to show otherwise, the evidence clearly shows that Joseph Smith believed and taught that there was life on the moon.

What about Smith's successor Brigham Young? Did he have anything

to say about this matter? Indeed he did! On July 24, 1870, he made the following statement in a sermon:

"Who can tell us of the inhabitants of this little planet that shines of an evening called the moon? ...when you inquire about the inhabitants of that sphere you find that the most learned are as ignorant in regard to them as the ignorant of their fellows. So it is in regard to the inhabitants of the sun. Do you think it is inhabited? I rather think it is. Do you think there is any life there? No question of it; it was not made in vain," (Journal of Discourses, Vol. 13, p. 217).

Gilbert Scharffs, in an effort to defend Brigham Young's statement regarding life on the sun points out that Brigham Young said, "Do you think it is inhabited? I rather think it is," (The Truth About the Godmakers, p. 121; emphasis added).

Scharffs conveniently neglects to mention the statements which immediately follow:

"Do you think there is any life there? No question of it; it was not made in vain" (Journal of Discourses, Vol. 13, p. 271; emphasis added).

It should be pointed out that the preceding statement was in the context of a sermon and that Brigham Young considered his sermons to be scripture:

"I have never yet preached a sermon and sent it out to the children of men, that they may not call Scripture. Let me have the privilege of correcting a sermon and it is as good Scripture as they deserve" (Ibid, p. 95).

The evidence is clear. Joseph Smith was not correct in teaching that there was life on the moon, Oliver Huntington never preached to the inhabitants of the moon, and all scientific evidence points to the fact that there is no life on the sun as Brigham Young claimed.

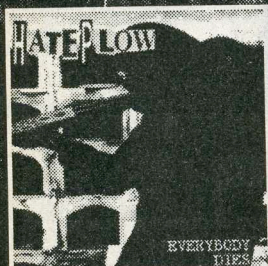
Since Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were wrong about life on the moon and the sun, does it make sense that we should trust their teachings about eternal life?

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—PEACE

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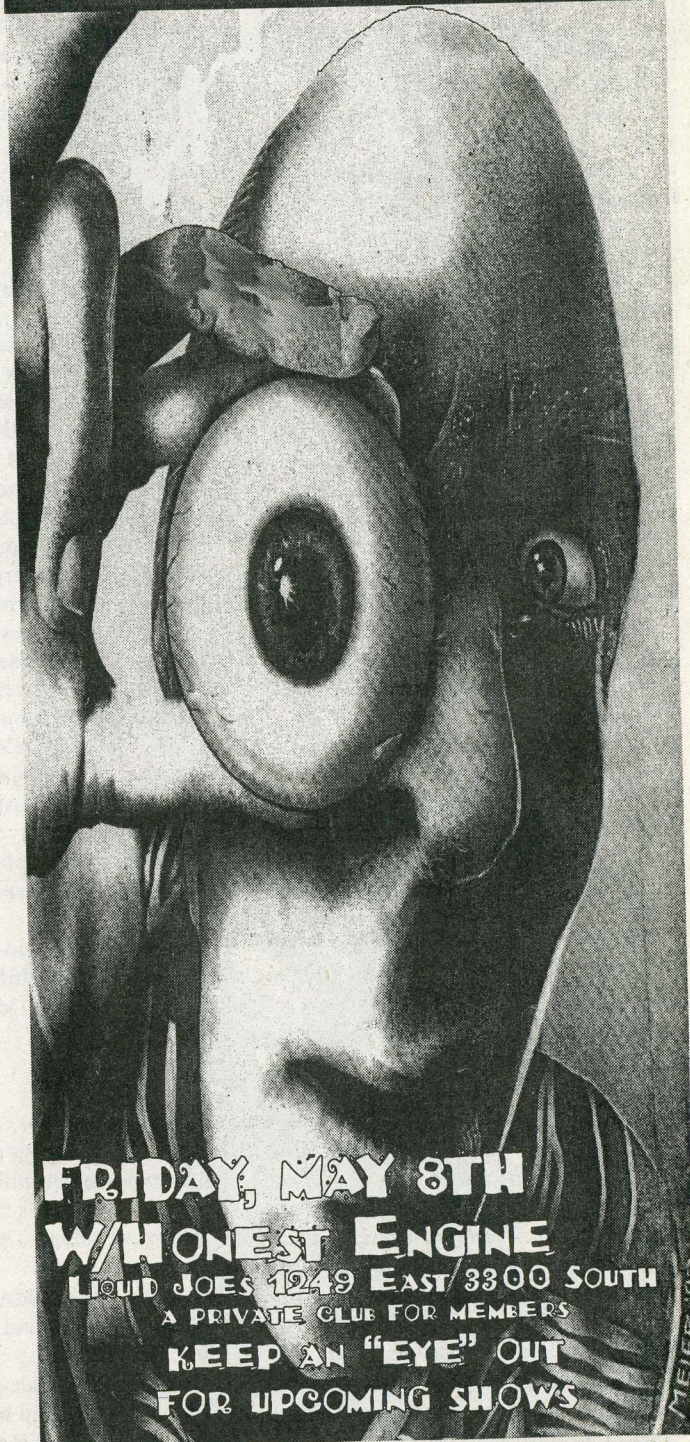
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...Slug...

Grass Dismissed

By Jeb Brant

This column is worse than your morning breath.

SPAZZ

Funky Ass Lil' Platter (The Noise e.p.)
1" Record

There are 14 of these in the world and I get one. So there. Neeneer, neeneer. The itsy bitsy cover has two tiny dancing cows. The "thanks list" folds out for like half a meter and is as long as hell. You can't play the record because it is only an inch big and even if you could it is all a joke that went too far. But this is still cool. I love it.

It is one of my favorite records right now. SPAZZ is not only cool when they do a real record, they are cool when they do a joke one as well.

Chris Dodge even put my wife and I on the thanks list. (Sorry if I dropped a name on your toe.)

(Slap-A-Ham Records - You can't order this record so no address needed)

HATRED

Suffer
MCD



This is raw, independent, and vicious death thrash. Multiple vocal tracking helps give a really sick feel to everything. The cover art incorporates a lot of symbols including a peace sign and a swastika.

Hopefully their statement in the liner notes, "It's not a hatred of race or creed but of ignorance" is more reflective of their true attitudes than the swastika! (POB 10264, Alexandria, VA 22310 or hatredva@aol.com)

GONKULATOR

Satan's Burial Ground
CD

This is the first full length dose from these lords of brimstone metal. Prepare for your flesh to sizzle and fry as you are exposed to the unadulterated and untamed musical excess contained on these 13 (naturally) tracks. GONKULATOR have forged (in the fires of hell, probably) their own, one of a kind, interpretation of black metal. Instead of regurgitating the norm, this quartet combines sonic dissonance, distorted metal riffs, barely distinguishable vocals and noisenoisenoisenoisenoise.... In the process, GONKULATOR have unearthed a new subgenre of extremeness that is only aptly labeled as "black noise"; a sound so abrasive and harsh that the run of the mill black metal bands sound like choirboys in comparison. (\$10)

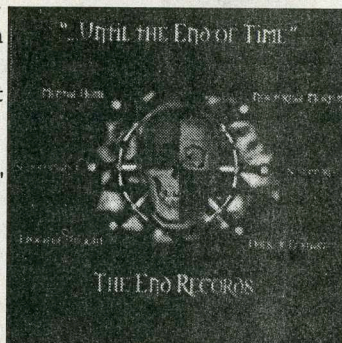
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NO LESS

Boxed In
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These guys are twisted! Nobody is making noise like this! Extreme hard-core that is tweaked and warped beyond belief. These guys do for power violence what MACABRE did for death metal... and that includes the high, screeching vocals plastered over guttural growls and an avalanche of noisy guitars and drums. These boys are

pressed and deliver a full dose of anti-cop, gangsta-core ala PLUTOCRACY or E.T.O. (Slap-A-Ham POB 420843 SF, CA 94142-0843 slapaham@wenet.net)



Various Artists

...Until the End of Time
CD

The End Records is poised and ready to take the metal world by the throat in 1998. This comp is a preview of their releases on tap for the year.

The highlights of the disc are two tracks from The

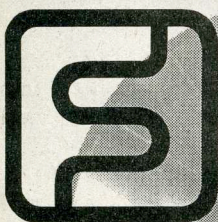
End's flagship act

MENTAL HOME; one from each of their two discs to be released in '98, "Vale" and "Black Art." Russia's MENTAL HOME (see their interview in issue #50) has crafted some tremendously vibrant and powerful atmospheric/epic doom. Other notables on this comp include the progressive black/death craft work of SCULPTURED as well as ODES OF ECSTASY with their ponderous and powerful doom (which is delivered smoothly by dual male/female vocalists). The disc is rounded out by EPOCH OF UNLIGHT with two tracks of their EMPEROR inspired black metal, NOKTURNAL MORTUM and their melodic black thrash and SCHOLOMANCE who play an offbeat and quirky brand of avant black. The disc is specially priced at \$3 (USA - \$5 World) so you should snag this faster than an Olympic snow boarder can snag a bong. (The End 556 S. Fair Oaks Ave. #101-111, Pasadena, CA 91105 or <http://www.mythosmedia.com/theend>)

—Jeb



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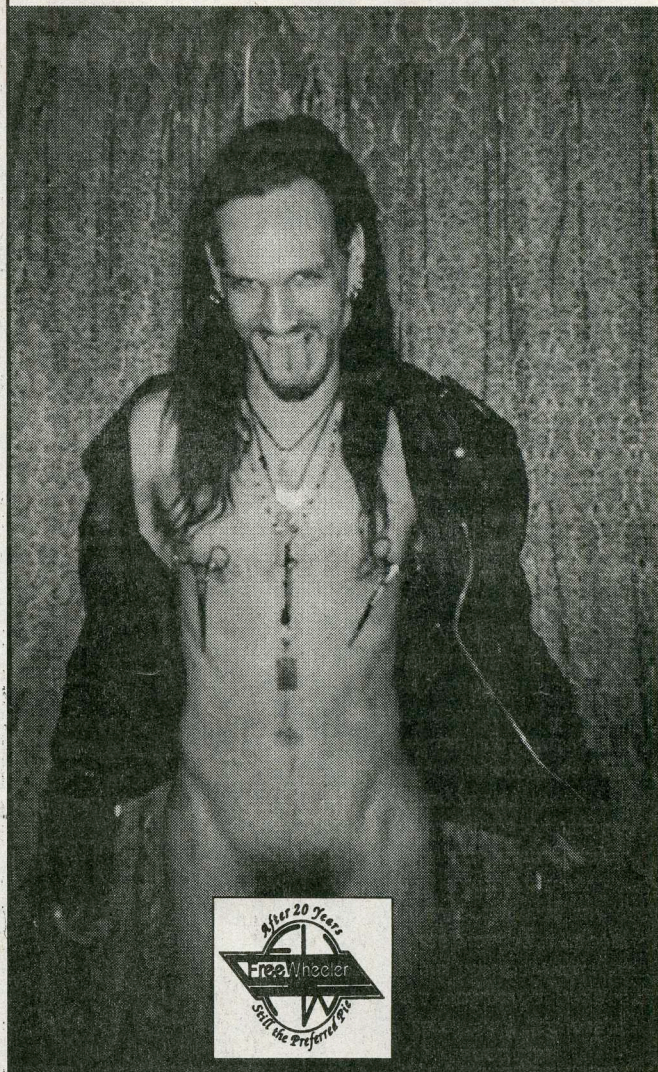
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SEVEN DUST

On Saturday, March 14, SevenDust silently rolled into town with the Limp Bizkit Ladies Nite in Cambodia Tour. Out at Saltair it stayed nice and quiet until about 7:20 PM... 7Dust hit the stage.

Lajon, the lead singer stepped up to the mic, and in two words, shattered the silence as he screamed, "Salt Lake!" Then, this thunderous mayhem erupted, the crowd surged forward and came alive and Salt Lake felt like it was violently jerked out of a deep sleep. You could feel the heart rate of Saltair increase and the pulse quicken as SevenDust exploded. MTV was there to capture SevenDust and Salt Lake City in action, SLUG was there to witness the carnage of it all. SevenDust is made up of five talented guys from Atlanta, Georgia. They are Morgan Rose on drums, Vince Hornsby on bass, Clint Lowery on guitar and vocals, John Connolly on guitar and vocals and, once again, Lajon on lead vocals.

At this point and time 7Dust hasn't seen friends, family, dogs, cats, goldfish or home for about one year. They've been working and touring hard in support of their debut, self-titled CD on TVT. Speaking of TVT, this interview went down without any glitches and all the people involved

treated SLUG like we were one of the major's in the big league. Kudos to Carlene and Michelle at TVT and Tim Saunders, the 7Dust road manager. These people went above and beyond the call of duty and made us feel very comfortable. Not to mention, the band is cool as hell and great to hang out with. It's interviews like this that restore my faith in human kind, rock and roll and all that is good with the world today. So a big Thank You to all! Enough of the sugar, baby, let's roll with it-

SLUG: How do you like playing Salt Lake?

Lajon: We love it. Salt Lake is really good to us.

SLUG: Is this the longest you've been on the road for?

L: Oh, yea!

SLUG: How do you like it, or dislike it? Is it kind of weird, being away from home for so long traveling?

L: Well, you think about any time you leave your house for a weekend and when you go back, it feels as if things are out of order. Then you think about leaving your home for a year, it's just compounded. The downfall is being away from your family, but on the other hand we are doing the thing that we always dreamed about doing, and that is being in a band and touring. In a lot of ways,

being on the road is fun and at this point, we are use to it.

SLUG:

What's coming up after this tour?

L: We go home for 2 weeks, then we hit the road again. At that point we tour with Coal Chamber and Megadeth. After that we do the Ozz Fest. We've got main stage on the Ozz Fest.

SLUG: Oh good man, that will be great!

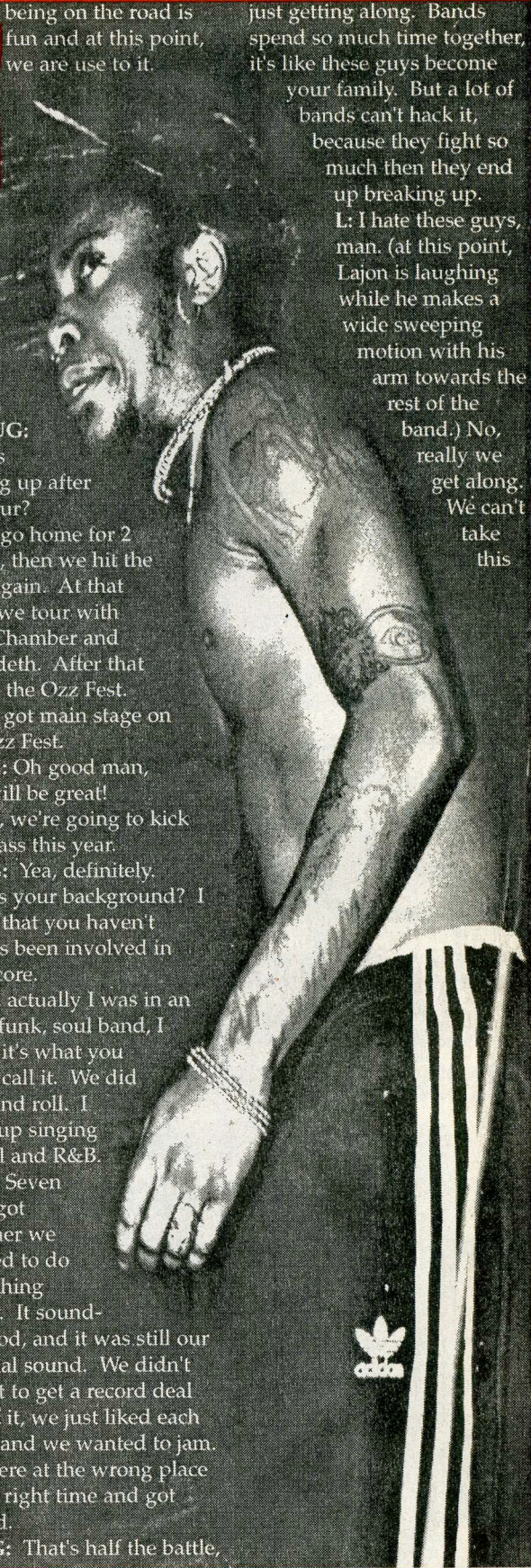
L: Yea, we're going to kick some ass this year.

SLUG: Yea, definitely. What's your background? I know that you haven't always been involved in hard-core.

L: No, actually I was in an R&B, funk, soul band, I guess it's what you could call it. We did rock and roll. I grew up singing gospel and R&B. When Seven Dust got together we wanted to do something heavy. It sounded good, and it was still our original sound. We didn't expect to get a record deal out of it, we just liked each other and we wanted to jam. We were at the wrong place at the right time and got signed.

SLUG: That's half the battle,

just getting along. Bands spend so much time together, it's like these guys become your family. But a lot of bands can't hack it, because they fight so much then they end up breaking up. **L:** I hate these guys, man. (at this point, Lajon is laughing while he makes a wide sweeping motion with his arm towards the rest of the band.) No, really we get along. We can't take this



time or experience for granted, man. We've been wanting to do this for so long, it would be disrespectful to each of us if we did just take it for granted, and fight and argue. The Limp Bizkit Ladies Nite in Cambodia has been a really cool tour. Every night, every show we play the first few hundred women get into the show for free, so you can't complain about that. It's been

L: I still sing R&B. We listen to everything from Sarah McLachlan to Seal. So the music

L: Everything dealing with shit that's going on in my life, that we can all relate too. Except for the song Face. Other than that song, we just sing about things that we

know about. We're good guys from Georgia that's got this chance to do what we love to do. Like the song Prayer, I write about

is there. This outlet, thank the Lord, allows me to be able to tour the world. We get to tour with Ozzy Osborne, what the hell is that all about? For me it's just incredible, man, for everybody, it's incredible.

SLUG: Who were some of your influences growing up?

L: Stevie Wonder, my Dad.

SLUG: Your Dad is a musician, he plays?

L: He sings. Everyone from Black Sabbath to country music. I like country music man, I hung out with John Michael Montgomery one night.

SLUG: (Me, totally puzzled and dumbfounded) Did you really?

L: Yea! I feel that with music as long as you have conviction, you mean it, and

you are sincere you can get what your trying to get, across. So, that's all I'm about, is being real and doing my music, it's what I love to do. That's what we all love to do. SLUG: Tell me about your lyrics. Personal, non-personal, fictional?

my little brother, growing up, and praying. Bitch is about an old room mate of mine. She was a total bitch, she got a song written about her...now they play it on the radio! I went home a few months ago and she was saying, "I can't believe Lajon wrote a song about me and they play it on the radio." I was like, "And you know what? They sing it all over the country! I took your bad vibe and I've turned it into something good! You hate me now, but I love you."

SLUG: I think the two songs that stand out for me are Terminator and My Ruin.

L: Really, woe. Those are good songs, I like those songs too. My Ruin was on the Mortal Combat soundtrack. We hardly ever do that song live. On this tour, we only have 30 minute sets, so we just get in there and hammer it out. We pound out the heavy stuff, and the kids are ready to have a good time and mosh it up and shit. We'll do Terminator tonight.

SLUG: Tell me about the quote inside your CD cover.

L: Wow, no one has ever asked me about that, man. It's from a book about the Sam Cooke story written by Daniel Wolff. I've always liked that quote because of the way things are in the world, I feel like we get by

and things change drastically, but if you read that quote, it's so true. Some things never change. Some people try to throw up a wall, or whatever and try to ignore it. But, it's still true, people with small minds...You know what I'm trying to say, you read the quote. No one ever asked me about that quote, that's really cool. No one has ever said anything about that.

SLUG: Really? Well, I think that it's a great quote.

L: Oh, it's a beautiful quote. It's so true and it's really cool that you said something about it. I really wish people would get more out of it, and try to understand it.

Just in case you don't know and you are wondering what we are talking about, on the inside sleeve of the CD jacket, in big letters it says,

"I refuse to accept the view that mankind is so tragically bound to the starless midnight of racism and war that the bright daybreak of peace and brotherhood can never become a reality."

—Daniel Wolff

7Dust can totally kick it live and keep your attention. They already have a strong following. The constant, non-stop touring has made them stronger, tighter and more confident. Most bands are worn down and broken by the road, but then again most bands are weak. Seven Dust doesn't play or act like an opening band. They will kick your ass, regardless of the time slot or where they are on the bill for that night. And the best part is, they will do it with a smile on all their faces. They are having a great time.

7Dust will be back in town with the Ozz Festival. Watch for them, and don't miss them this time around.

—Royce



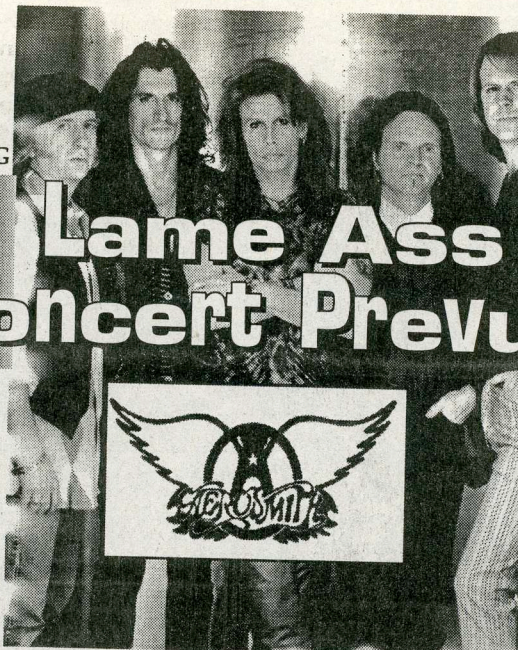
really cool. SLUG: So do you miss the R&B funk stuff, do you enjoy what you are doing?

Lame Ass Concert Previews

Traditionally SLUG tells the reader what "they" missed before we managed to hack out a new issue. As many have noticed the information contained in the "lame ass" portion of SLUG is never complete and it is sometimes incorrect. Blame it on promoters and a lack of communication skills. I don't know it's happening unless someone tells me and if you want it covered it is best to tell. Why keep secrets?

Chris Whitley played at the Zephyr with Michelle Malone. The girlfriends and Ben Fulton went to see Malone. City Weekly couldn't manage to figure out that Whitley was touring a new acoustic disc. The Specials played at DV8 the same night. Slim Dunlap played at Spanky's. Remember the Replacements? He was one of them. Shift, Stanford Prison Experiment and some other band played someplace, but I don't believe very many found out where it was. I couldn't. Chola, a band I predict would have turned up in a City Weekly "Scene and Heard" article very soon, if they had a female vocalist, released a CD. Mark Hummel played at the Dead Goat,

Lame Ass Concert Preview



Iceburn played at the Zephyr, Caroline's Spine played every club in Utah (again?) and Ozomatli played at the Zephyr. If SLUG manages to arrive on time Ozomatli is a band to see. They impressed the entire press contingent at SXSW and reams of paper were used to sing their praises. They're already signed and they won't be playing the club circuit much

longer if all the hype is true. By the time the Hollisters arrive at the Zephyr on April 8 a new SLUG should be gathering dust all over town. The Hollisters are the next best thing to Johnny Cash and it isn't going to cost a car payment to see them. Honky tonk meets Memphis in a Louisiana swamp is a spare description and the "gig" is at the Zephyr. For a change the cool band is at the Zephyr and the funk is at Spanky's. Yoko Love was praised by a City Weekly's "critic." I know he didn't listen to the CD. Neither did I because I reviewed it last month. Pay attention please. The funk is at Spanky's. Go see it

and leave the rest of us alone. The next night Spanky's wins. On April 9 Spanky's has booked the Bomboras. This particular band plays instrumental music. It's common to reference Link Wray when instrumental is the subject and the Bomboras do have that Link Wray aspect, but they also have the surf. Surf and Link Wray together sounds good doesn't it? God damn it! I am so fucking sorry. I apologize, I really do. I forgot where I

live again. Go see Caroline's Spine. On April 10 the Battlefield Band will play at Clayton Intermediate. This band traveled clear across the ocean to entertain you fuckers. Mom and dad can drop the kids off at Saltair and drive over the speed limit back to town in time to catch the Irish because Megadeth, Life Of Agony and Coal Chamber are at Saltair. As a few thousand locals already know Megadeth is not the attraction. They might be headlining but Coal Chamber will provide the bang for the heads and Life Of Agony isn't exactly tame. Expect two unarmed camps. In theory "they" confiscate the metal at the door, but who knows when another Slayer riot will break out. If age is a consideration Megadeth fans belong at the Battlefield Band. Old rockers never die, they just snort more crank. Watching the freaks was highly entertaining the last time Megadeth played the stinky pond and once again it's time to park the car outside the sardine can. You know? Saltair's parking lot? Spanky's has Frenchy scheduled. I've gone pretty fast through the bands and I'll review what's good so far during the month before continuing. I realize you people are "slow." If you weren't you'd be reading City Weekly or the Event. That's where the intelligent writers work. The Hollisters are good, the Bomboras are good, Ozomatli is good, Life of Agony and Coal Chamber are good. That brings me to Frenchy. Helen Wolf wrote some spew in Garagepile about bands no one has ever heard of. Helen Wolf is full of shit these days. Helen Wolf hasn't written anything creative since the bitch quit SLUG. Helen Wolf is a whore. Helen Wolf has never heard of Frenchy and that is the best reason I can think of to leave the Megadeth show before Megadeth plays and go see Frenchy. East Bay Ray and Skip Heller both played on Frenchy's Bumps & Grinds CD. Helen Wolf hasn't heard of

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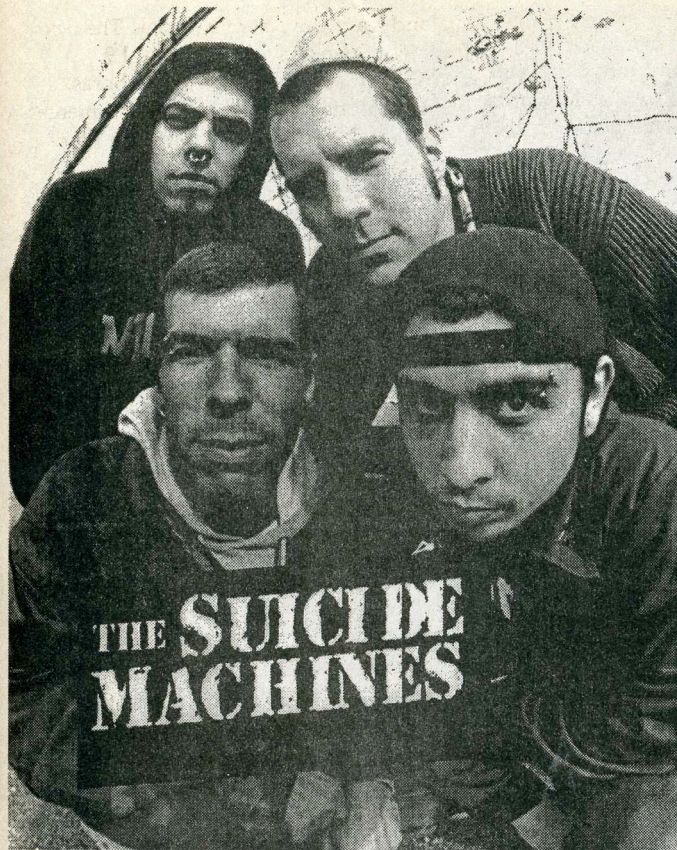
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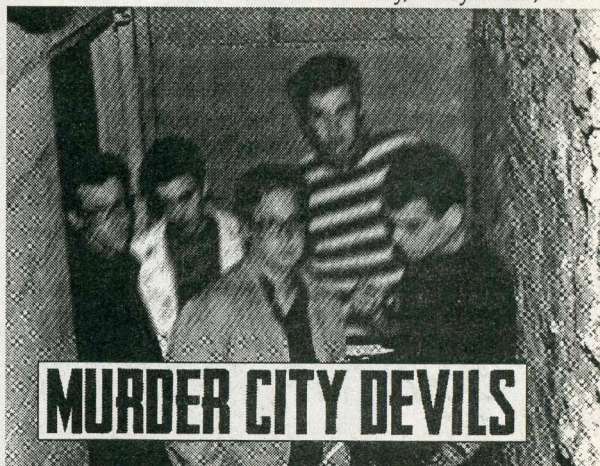


them either. You, the SLUG reader, probably have. The band is a "lounge/jazz" act. The jazz is first and foremost in their minds. We like Jazz because we live in Salt Lake City, right? Carla Lease does the torch singing and the band has a marimba dude in the person of Brian Lease. A clarinet is present as well. When was the last time a marimba and a clarinet appeared together on any local stage? Frenchy is recommended, but most of you will be at the Zephyr for the Disco Drippers. Believe it or not Spanky's wins again on April 11. The Murder City Devils have a self-titled disc distributed by Sub Pop. Those who caught the Zeke show last month at Spanky's should love the Murder City Devils because their disc has a spike sticking out of the same vein. Fuck all "modern" punk. The Murder City Devils do it the old way. There are five of them and they have bad attitudes. Really bad attitudes, not the suburban, "daddy won't give me the keys to the Benz" bad attitudes. As if that weren't good enough the Zillionaires and the Scrotum Poles are booked to open. Adrian Legg will provide "light" jazz for those who care and because it's Easter the Wooden Dog has Loudon Wainwright III booked on Saturday night in Park City. Dave Hahn is opening. Guess who checks in with the

good show on Easter Sunday evening? It's the Dead Goat of all places! The Goat has hosted Tony Furtado twice now. Tony Furtado will appear at the Zephyr later in April, if my Internet source is correct, and he's on Steve Owen's CD. Are there any other familiar names? Why yes, there are. Matt Flinner and Mike Marshall guest as well. This Steve Owen guy must be connected. Fuck you punks who don't recognize the names. Is your name Helen Wolf or something? The "big" names won't join Owen for the show, but he has a bass player who doubles on baritone and trumpet along with a drummer.

That's good enough for me. Not a bad show for a Sunday night? Due to the overwhelming popularity of Jazz in Salt Lake City both Dave Brubeck shows sold out weeks ago. He's at the Hilton on April 14 & 15. On April 14 one of the stranger shows in recent memory happens at Bricks. What in the fuck are the hippies at the pretend, "I can't come up with a name for my business so I'll steal one from Steve Jones," Cosmic Aeroplane doing presenting Dub Syndicate? Don't tell me the hippies know about Adrian Sherwood and On-U-Sound? The real Cosmic Aeroplane sold that shit before the latter day saints, (That was a mistake, sorry.) I mean, hippies discovered bongos. What's next the New Age Steppers? These days Dub Syndicate is Style Scott and Sherwood is only the mix-master. Since Scott began his career with Roots Radics and Dub Syndicate has always featured an ever changing cast of characters the live show might consist of who knows who or a who's who. It's another good one! Just in case all of that is too much

for Christians Amy Grant will perform at Kingsbury Hall. On April 17 and 18 the Zephyr is going back while searching for profit. Charlie and Sam eat a hell of a lot and shows like the Hollisters don't begin to cover their grocery bills. What's Otto to do? Well...April Wine will pull the bus up to the door on West Broadway and haul their tired bones out to rock like 1980. April Wine formed in 1970! Who was alive in 1970? Jerry Garcia? April Wine had a #32 hit in 1972 and the highest chart position achieved after that was a #21 in '81. But hell, they're a hard rock band. The fucking radio doesn't play hard rock. The fuckers, let's tour. Will Michael Britton show up in search of the metal flame, long hair and the girls backstage? Attend to find out. Just as April Wine opens their two night stand at the Zephyr Susanne Cianni will be leaving the Roland Hall stage. I'll pull a quote from the "press kit" because I'm sure as fuck not going to listen to her CD. Ah yes, here it is, "Her latest album, Susanne Cianni and the Wave—Live!, is yet another milestone for this ground-breaking keyboard wizard, as Cianni performs with fellow instrumental luminaries Paul McCandless, Micheal Manning and Teja Bell, in a jazzy 'supergroup' of modern instrumental music." Not only is the sentence an English teacher's nightmare, but the mere thought of viewing the "show" gives me nightmares. "No, no, not the gauzy dress, no, not keyboards, oh God, spare me, give me Keith Emerson." Even as the weekend appeared musically lost two shows reared up from the abyss. Pierre Bensusan is one of the best guitarists in the world. This is not my fantasy, it's a fact. The night after Cianni, as April Wine takes the stage for their final concert in Salt Lake City (I hope), Bensusan will take the stage at the Presbyterian Church. One of the best guitarists in Salt Lake City, Larry Pattis,





brought Bensusan to Salt Lake City and he will open the "gig." Pull out that expensive planner some Mormon sold you and pencil in Bensusan/Pattis as another good one. I'm not done yet with this weekend because some guys nearly as old as April Wine are at the Delta Center. Actually Steven Tyler is as old as April Wine's Myles Goodwyn. I'll just bet Myles isn't very happy about playing a bar while Tyler is in a "shed," but that's the breaks, as Kurtis Blow would say. If there is a band in the land that can keep it up longer than the Rolling Stones it is Aerosmith. The bad boys of Boston can

important it's probably best to skip the show. Studebaker John checks in at the Dead Goat on Monday, April 20 for the blues session. He isn't that well known and he records for Blind Pig. Expect electric blues with grit. The University of Utah has found another way to raise funds besides the typical tuition increases and selling television rights to basketball games. Remodel Kingsbury Hall and rent it out to the lamest asses on the planet Earth. Laugh all the way to the bank. Riverdance is coming back! Fuck! How fucking stupid are the locals? The grand

still manage a hit record too. Enuff said. Personally I hate arena shows. Spacehog is the warm-up act. Yippee! God damn I am so fucking excited.

On April 19 the Wooden Dog returns to their Sunday schedule with the Reverend Billy C. Wirtz. This guy has kept many a KKAT disc jockey from running out of jokes. It's likely to be nasty and if morals are

opening of an endless stand is on April 21 and that Flatley guy isn't coming. Here's another weird one. Dar Williams and Ron Sexsmith are booked together at the Zephyr. The Zephyr goes folk? It looks good on paper, but what are they going to do about the people who can't shut their mouths long enough to enjoy acoustic music? Hire them to head the Salt Lake City Arts Council? That should get me in some trouble, but I don't care and I remember now. The Zephyr sets up tables on the dance floor. Most of the fools can't talk sitting down. I'm hoping that Karen over at DV8 has listened to the Suicide Machine's

new CD, Battle Hymns and hired the toughest security she can find. Not that she needs anyone as tough as those guys at Bricks because DV8 always manages to remove the trouble makers without causing a near riot. Anyway, the Suicide Machines are about to release the hardest core piece of ska influenced music I've encountered. No Doubt it isn't Reel Big Fish ya Buck O Nine. The kids can beat themselves senseless at this show. Park an ambulance out front and let the bouncers toss them in. The date is April 22. Skip Rubberneck's CD release party, skip whatever that oldies thing is up at the Huntsman Center. See Tony Furtado at the Zephyr if it's actually happening. What is going on over at that place? Acoustic folk music on a weekend? Are "they" trying to go bankrupt? Call it a highlight of the month. Leon Redbone of all people is scheduled for the Wooden Dog on April 26. Didn't he invent the Squirrel Nut Zippers? Another highlight? The Electric Hellfire Club is tentatively scheduled for Bricks on April 26 too, but God or that Gayle woman might intervene. You kids think Marilyn Manson is possessed? Get a load of what LeVay inspired if and when these maniacs hit town. I believe that's it for April. One to watch for in May is Josie Kreuzer at Spanky's and possibly the Zephyr. I have May 2 at Spanky's, but I've heard that the Zephyr is interested. Wherever it is the rockabilly boys will forget to jitterbug when they get an eyeful of that blonde bombshell. She can hiccup and get with the boogie too. Those into metal have a month to prepare for Snot (again?) and Soulfly at Bricks on May 4. After that it's the boring summer concert season with every dinosaur who can still stand and hold a fifth of liquor scheduled for wherever. Rumors of Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, Brian Setzer's Big Band and the Cherry Poppin Daddy's are on the grapevine.

That's it for the touring live music this month. We don't do local because we're SLUG and in case anyone hasn't figured it out by now, that does not mean Salt Lake Underground anymore. Fuck the locals. They suck, I hate them, I want to kill them all, I want to be the serial killer of the month, I want to kill all the local bands and be the SLUG Serial Killer of the month, yeah, yeah, that's what I want to do, that's what I want to be...in the name of our lords Anton LeVay and Jesus H. Christ Amen.

Gabber, gabber, Hey!

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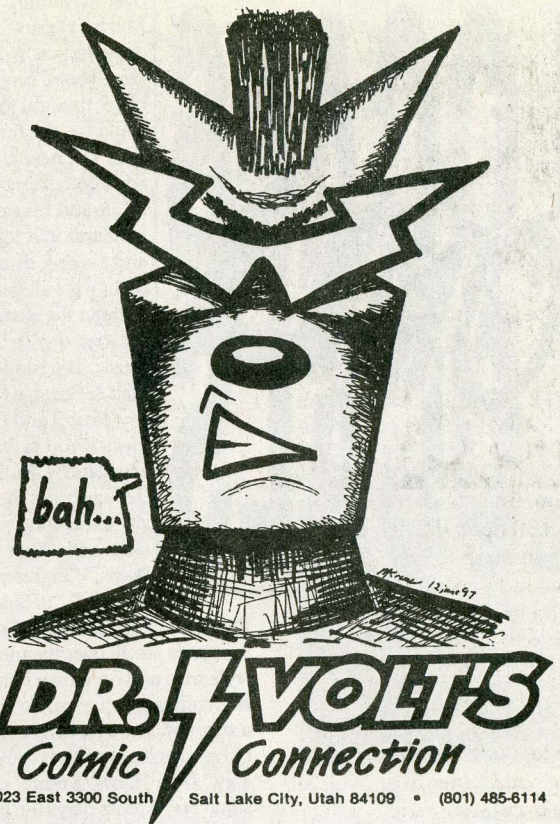
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Is the Salt Lake

Underground all about the Sun Masons, the Disco Drippers, Cork and Fat Paw or is there more to it all than Chola? SLUG Magazine takes a look at a few recent local releases.

Atomic Deluxe

Stories from the New West
Cool Cat Productions

Salt Lake City's only honky tonk band comes back with



the follow-up to 1996's *Swing Time Shoot 'Em Up* in 1998. The common "industry" practice is to place sophomore releases under a microscope and criticize them heavily. A band's membership spends their entire lives developing songs for the first album and then a year or so after they must produce a second. Since the members of Atomic Deluxe spent their entire lives preparing for the current line-up *Stories from the New West* can almost be considered a debut. "Wish You Well" opens the CD with the first broken heart song. Alcohol and broken hearts are all

over the album. "Too Much Drinkin'" appeared on *Swing Time Shoot 'Em Up*. I never thought the band could top the first version. The new recording adds both Dan Salini's fiddle and his steel guitar. Barrooms, loneliness and another drunken night - it's all there without the stereotypes associated with country music. The band covers Flatt & Scruggs ("Doin' My Time") and George Jones ("You're Still On My Mind"). Paul Kreutz demonstrates the maturity of his song writing skills with "Pass That Bottle," "Eighteen Wheels," "10 Shades Of

Blue," and "The Desert Is Crying" - the songs are all over the musical style map and for a man known for his roadhouse blues guitar they are a surprise. The best demonstration of his musical growth is "Another Day." It's a "Jones/Kreutz" composition and Kreutz plays the guitar solos as if he'd studied with Charlie Christian. He actually studied with Al Casey, who played with Fats Waller in the '40s. Salini checks in to solo on the fiddle and Lara Jones is in a mellow, swinging mood. "Another Day" is Atomic Deluxe doing gypsy jazz. The album is filled with good songs. Two more are highly impressive. Both are by "Jones/Kreutz." "Sometimes" is an unashamed tearjerker. A bible, a baby and a single woman are the characters, Salini leads with his fiddle and Jay Wetmore makes the drums actually weep. "Beggin' For Love" is pure honky tonk accented by Jones' vocals, Kreutz's guitar and Salini's steel. One more. Kreutz penned "The Desert Is Crying" has Jones yodeling in the background even as she sings harmony with Kreutz! Who knew such a band was around Salt Lake City? *Stories from the New West* is excellent.

Yer Highness self-titled

Yer Highness is the punk rock trio fronted by Aldine Stricnine. The disc is the band's first recording and the music is of the basic old school punk variety, except Aldine is something of a local guitar legend. The Misfits used



a grand total of five different chords to create their entire body of work. Aldine knows a few more than five. He proves his prowess on more than one occasion. "Real World" has a solo, "Lie, Cheat and Steal" has about 15 seconds of pure heavy metal posturing, but brevity is an issue. He can play them, but he's not about to take over the CD with guitar solos. Aldine also sings. His gruff vocals are nearly as well known as his guitar skills, at least to the local residents who frequent downtown clubs. Both skills are becoming better known around the country because Yer Highness is a touring group. The centerpiece of the album, and I'm guessing a topic that shaped many of the other songs is "Addiction." "Addiction takes hold of you/There's no escape/So get a clue." It's the "punkiest" song of the CD and the words to "Real World," "Lie, Cheat and Steal," "STP," "#9 Wouldn't Rhyme" and "Rearrange" all appear to reflect back on the topic of addiction. The disc isn't all punk rock. "Why Not?" is a fusion jazz composition and fusion doesn't mean "contemporary instrumental." If not for Aldine's vocals "#9 Wouldn't Rhyme" would fit someplace between the Allman Brothers and Big Brother and the Holding Company with Aldine taking the role of Janis.

Yer Highness's first release mixes heavy metal, jazz, punk, roadhouse blues and even "hippie" together. The Crocodile Lounge is the local "hot" nightspot. Their gumbo is always "hot" and just like Yer Highness the gumbo changes ingredients daily. Yer Highness changes ingredients with every song and each live performance.

Britton Unleashed M2 Records

Don't start laughing.

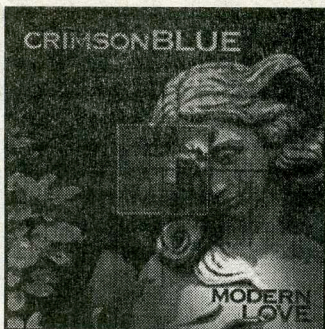
What happens to all the metal kids when they grow up? The second release (Or is that reissue?) from Britton deserves a completely objective review and it holds the answer. Michael Britton himself is pictured in his most "sensitive" pose inside the CD "booklet." Britton had enough sense to not include the "rockers prayer" again and it appears that he's pulled some previously unreleased material together, mixed it and added some new songs. Britton isn't about to reveal what is new and what is old because it's all "new" to him and it's still 1987. This man is a "genius" in the lyric department. Here's the opening verse, "I've got this worthless feeling in the pit of my soul/When we first started out it was worth more than gold/Now I'm back with a vision from the gates of metal hell/there's a referee demon and he's ringing the bell." Can anyone say Manowar? Nice try, but not even close. Demons, money, greed, metal...it is readily apparent that Britton couldn't find Robert Johnson's crossroads. And what's up with the drums? Is that a machine? Names such as Triumph, Bon Jovi and Winger enter the brain, but wait. It's 1998. "Love to the fire/The keeper of the flame." What? "I'm no hero, I've been to jail." "I'm a little twisted but that's okay." Introspection? Confession? "If you don't want to walk this way beware of heavy metal and what you're told." Self revelation? What is the man going on about? The most enjoyable aspects of 1987/1997's *Rock Harder* were Britton's screams. He can't scream anymore. He might still be easy to use, but he ain't gonna scream at the end. *Rock Harder* was good for a laugh all the way through. *Unleashed* lacks energy and it lacks the "fire of love." But Britton has had it rough. He's as white trash as they come, he's been through hell, he came within a Nirvana of reaching stardom and he still believes in keeping the metal flame burning. *Rock Harder* bro, it's all about karma and yours is lacking. Before departing the "sensitive," "tragic" world inhabited by Michael Britton I'll quote a few more lyrical snatches. "Demons in my head." Call a psychiatrist. "Turn the page" was a Bob Seger lyric. "She's my everything, perfect from head to toe/She's my trailer park queen and I'm proud to be her junk yard

Romeo." Couldn't you hire a drummer? The metal kids grow up to live in trailer parks? Here's what the trailer park romance becomes one song later. "You're a B.I.T.C.H./Stop controlling my mind." From trailer park queen to B.I.T.C.H. and isn't that the way of metal? Look at Tommy Lee. The final song is filler. It's Britton pretending to be Journey and Kansas all at the same time. Hey Britton, it's 1998.

Crimson Blue Modern Love

Crimson Blue was voted "Best Modern Band" in 1997 by Private Eye readers. Modern Love is their first CD. Lydia Pense, Tracy Nelson, the Bangles, the Go Gos and Danielle Dax. A producer isn't listed, but Scott Bailey was the engineer and Nyk Fry did the mastering. I'm not sure how they managed to capture the "ambiance" of the Fillmore East in 1968 and I'm sure they didn't try. The light show, the cloud of weed smoke, the girls swirling, naked except for a thin cotton dress and one of those girls is Stevie Nicks. "Thunder crashing in my soul/The piper is calling to me

to follow him/Take me away,
away/Drums are playing in my



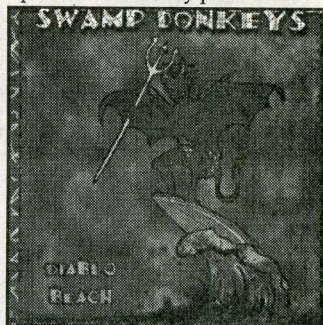
head/Leading me to the fog." The vocalist is Julia Ferguson. Heidi Hatton is nearly the rest of the band. She sings back-up vocals, plays guitar or bass, flute and she contributes strings. Gary Baldwin plays bass or guitar, depending on what Hatton's playing and Todd Huntington is the drummer. Hatton is another guitarist with plenty of Pat Metheny listening experience, but for the first time in my life I've encountered the style used effectively in a "rock" setting. Crimson Blue is a puzzle. Modern Love is an album of contemporary, commercial, psychedelic music tailor made for the same audience that pur-

chased Fleetwood Mac's pathetic fund raiser. Celine Dion, Maria Carey, Paula Cole, Loreena McKennitt, Sarah McLachlan, Natalie Merchant and Lisa Loeb's fan-base should also find the disc of interest. At the same time the music has enough of an edge to attract Ani DiFranco's hippie fans and the final piece of the Crimson Blue puzzle is the last song, Elise West, known for creating numbingly torpid solo piano pieces, sings back-up and plays piano on "She's Not Here" and it works. The album's best song is "The Piper." It's too long for a "Adult Contemporary" or "Mainstream Rock" radio, but it's as close to late '70s Fleetwood Mac as the '90s can stand. Commercial pop music doesn't necessarily have to be bad, give Crimson Blue credit for creating good.

Swamp Donkeys Diablo Beach Liquid Beach

The wait is finally over. Tapes of a forthcoming Swamp Donkeys album have circulated around town for nearly two years. It's out now. The Swamp Donkeys are Jason (guitars), Brigham (bass) and Brad (drums). The CD is split

into a "surf side" and a "sonic side." Brad Barker receives credit for the "demon riding a wave" cover artwork. Britton should investigate the Swamp Donkeys and discover actual, living, breathing satanic music. The first song is "Viva Satanico." It is a surf instrumental. So is "4:20," "Ghost In the Mirror," "Dashboard Burrito," "Phenobarbitol," "Devil Dressed In White," "Beelzebub's A Peepin'," "Planet Satan," and "Demon Stampeded." In my opinion the most impressive song on the "surf side" is "Dashboard Burrito." Jason has the reverb cranked all the way up, he is a technically perfect surf



guitarist, he's demonstrated his technique and his peddles all over the world, but he's a little more.

check out the latest release by

God Lives Underwater

titled

Life in the So-Called Space Age

featuring 'from your mouth'

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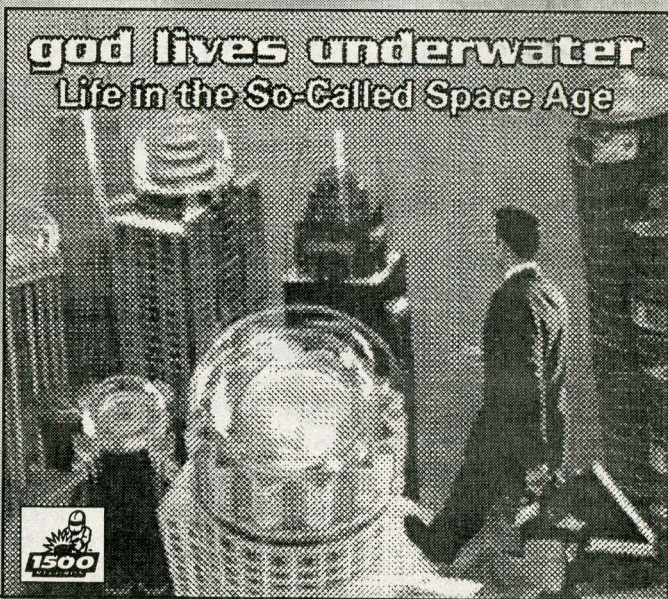
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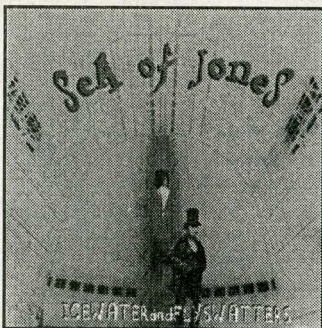
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god lives underwater
Life in the So-Called Space Age



Snatches of metal guitar break on through to the other side and the tune lays the combined metal/surf influences of the band on the sand. The best example of Brad and Brigham's work is "Beelzebub's A Peepin." Jason sits back a little and allows the rhythm section to show their chops. "Planet Satan" is psychedelic surf, Jason pulls out all his tricky peddles and makes his guitar sound like a burping, bubbling synthesizer. Next up is the galloping tribute to Duane Eddy's "Rebel Rouser" and Link Wray's "Rumble." The Swamp Donkeys title it "Demon Stampede." The well known highlight of any Swamp Donkeys live performance

is "I Am the Devil." Here's the metal. Morbid Angel meets Cannibal Corpse and it's "peace, love, Satan!" "18,000 Voltz" is a lounge-jazz-punk rock riot - the



Swamp Donkeys as the Friends Of

Dean Martinez strapped to an electric chair in a Ramones frenzy. "Jesus Freaks," "Fist Full Of Pagan," "Pissed" and "Tuesday Night" are all punk as fuck. The hidden track is a take-off on "Folsom Prison Blues" that is as good as Duckie Boys hillbilly-punk-honky-tonk. Aldine Strictrine should book the Swamp Donkeys for one of his Zephyr Club punk rock showcases. The reader should go buy Diablo Beach.

Sea Of Jones

Icewater and Flyswatters

Icewater and Flyswatters was mostly recorded in Seattle.

Gianni Skolnick, who also mastered the Swamp Donkeys CD mastered this one with Jon Armstrong. Sea Of Jones doesn't fit the Salt Lake City map. The first song, "Half-Step Religion," features Patrick Munson and his bouzouki. Who around here plays bouzouki, except maybe Leraime Hortzmanshoff? "Trespassing" has Munson blowing harp and Gary Turner guesting on lap steel. The presence of the two instruments brings thoughts of "alternative country" and Sea Of Jones could fit the roster of Portland, Oregon's Cavity Search label. "Human Entropy" illustrates another aspect. Roger Thom is bashing away on his drum set and the vocals are as nasal and whining as any indie rocker could ever hope for. Send a demo to Merge. "Melanie" can't escape the country. Pure Prairie League, Flying Burrito Brothers, the Band, the Ozark Mountain Daredevils and probably the best example nearly everyone has forgotten - the Beau Brummels. "33 1/3" offers further enlightenment on Sea Of Jones. For this tune the band goes all the way back to folk-rock - Lovin' Spoonful anyone with vocal harmonies? And Munson pulls out the harp to prove the point. "Sin Titulo" is the best damn song I've heard since the Old 97's "Streets Of

Where I'm From." Six songs and it's over. There isn't anything like Sea Of Jones, or for that matter any of the other bands just reviewed, in Salt Lake City.

Each is original (Well, except for Britton.) and each deserves some consumer attention - even Britton. Watch for the names at local clubs and go see all of them including Britton if he can ever manage to get a band together. Britton live would be a sight!

—Jr. Punk

Cokleo

Cojer

Necesita Sound Production

I was a bit skeptical when I recieved the Cokleo disc, Cojer (pronounced Coo-hair). Well, now that I've listened to the disc for a few times, they will probably end up being my favorite local band. I really dig the song Duzie. Hard edge rock and roll. Punk? Wall of Noise? Hardcore? Alternative? Underground? Above ground? Call it what you want, it still comes down to one thing. Eye opening, ears popping, in your face music. Do you and your ears a favor, go buy this disc. Three guys with short names, Seb, Bird, Zak totally kick it out. I wonder if they can keep my short attention span live? Well, that's my job here at SLUG. We shall see. Until then, shell out those clams for the disc and stay tuned.

—RDJ

Dan Hansen

mr. poe's and mrs. chiggle wiggle's petting zoo

Dan Hansen writes and plays this ambient jazz mood music. I really like this disc and I like his music. I can't believe I'm reviewing it in SLUG. It's not loud and abrasive, it's something to decompress too. It's something to listen to when you have a few friends over. It's something to listen to as the hour grows late and the darkness falls. I would classify it as night music. I could do without the silly title of the CD, (probably an inside joke, as always, I'm on the outside looking in.) And I could do without the vacation photos of Canyon Country, or Moab, or whatever. (I've got enough of my own, and I don't even look at those.) Call me Dan when you want some real photos. —RDJ

THE UNEVEN IN APRIL

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KAMIKAZIES
OGDEN
WITH FLOOR 13

WEDNESDAY APRIL 8TH
KAMIKAZIES
OGDEN
WITH THE FLYS FROM IN

THURSDAY APRIL 9TH
ICHABOBS SLC
WITH BO STRAK

FRIDAY APRIL 10TH
GRIZZLYS SLC

MONDAY APRIL 13TH
THE ZEPHYR
WITH SECOND HAND GRACE

SATURDAY APRIL 18TH
O TOWN TAVERN!
IN OGDEN

WEDNESDAY APRIL 22ND
THE DEADGOAT SLC

FRIDAY APRIL 24TH
SPANKYS SLC
WITH ELMER FROM PORTLAND

TUESDAY APRIL 28TH
THE HOLY COW SLC
WITH STORM FLY

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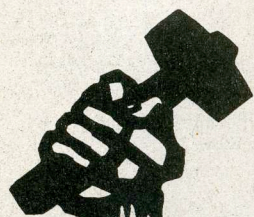


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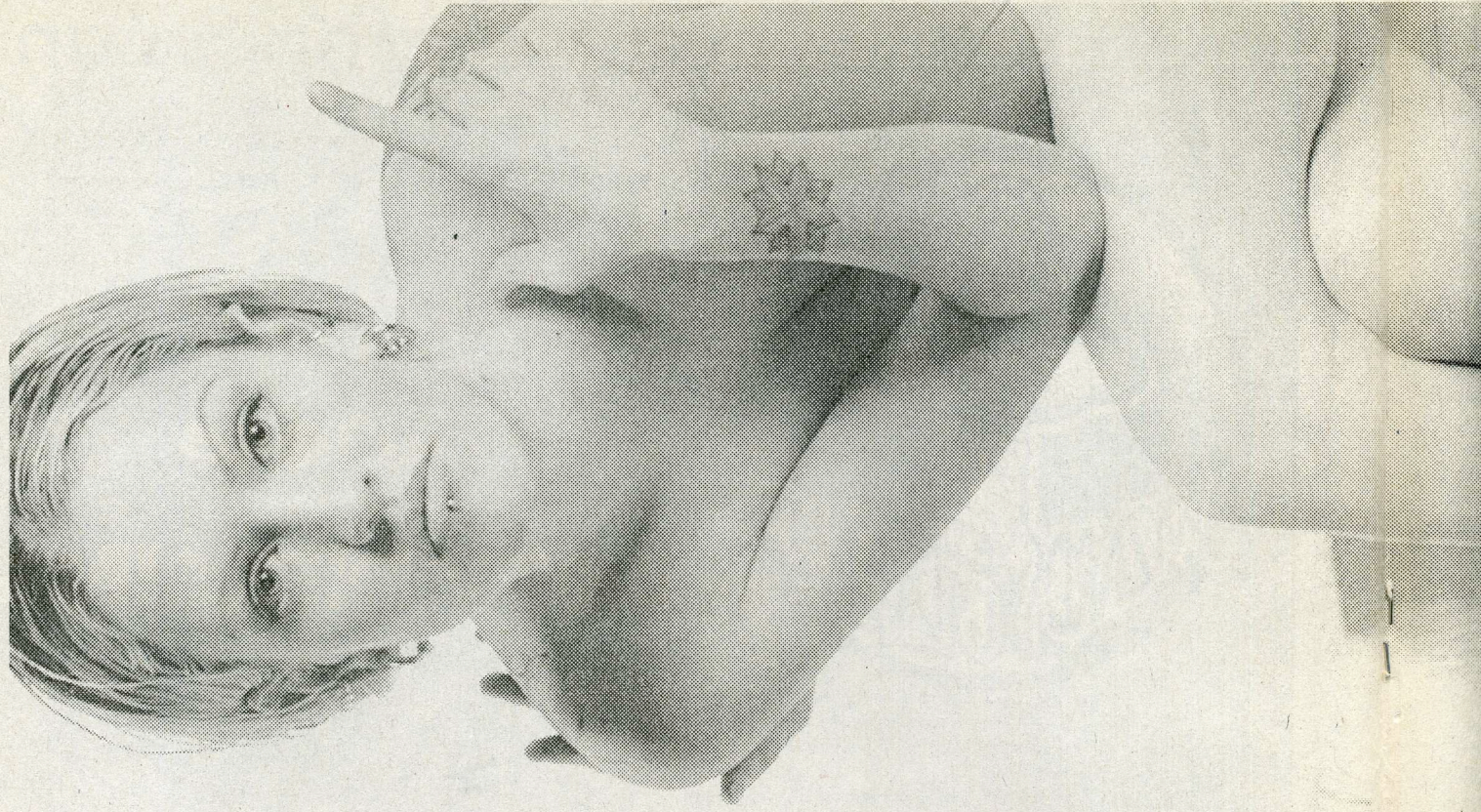
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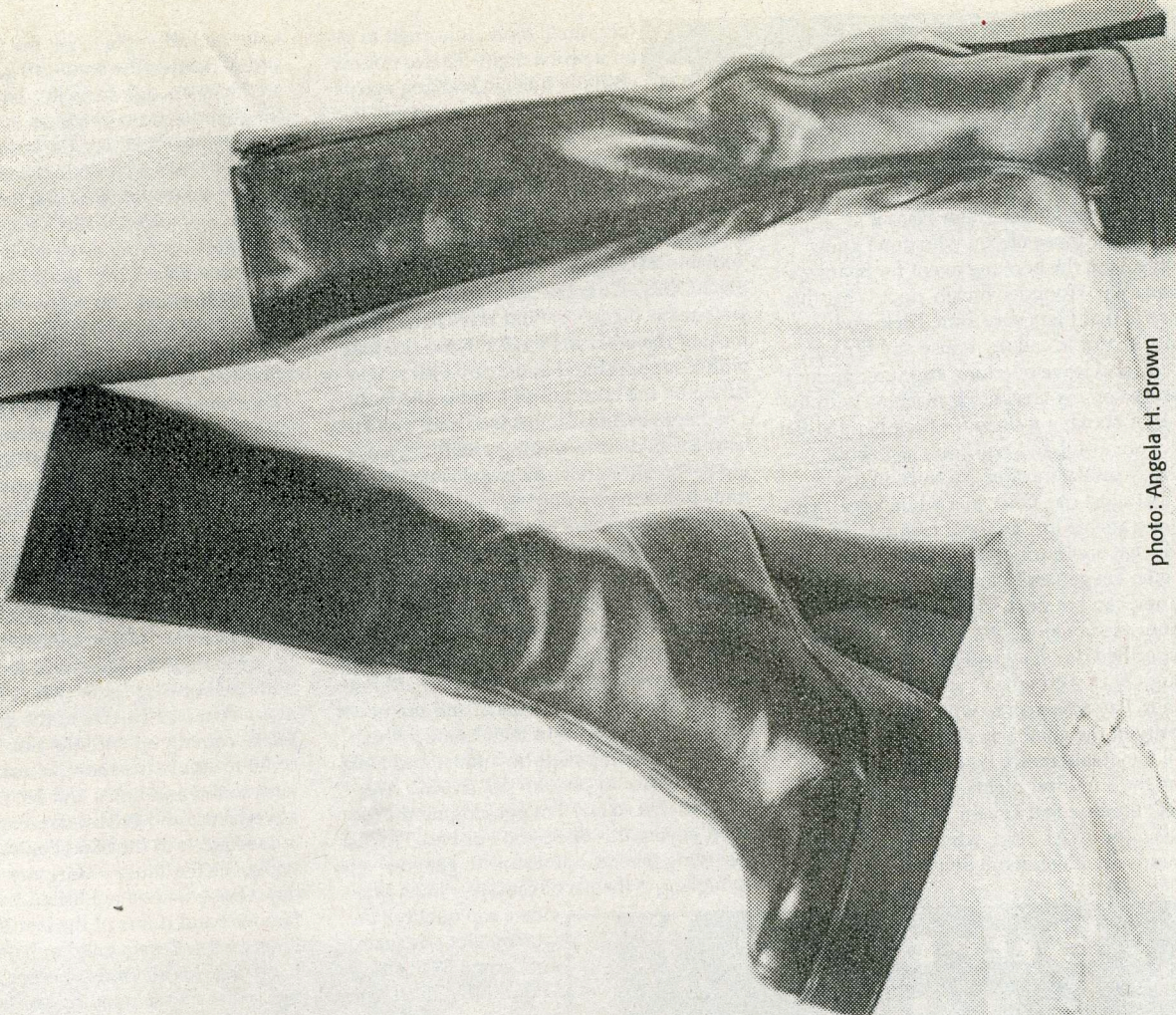


photo: Angela H. Brown

BUSTIN the Nut

—DAVID McCLELLAN

April 1998

The God Lives Under Water Fiasco

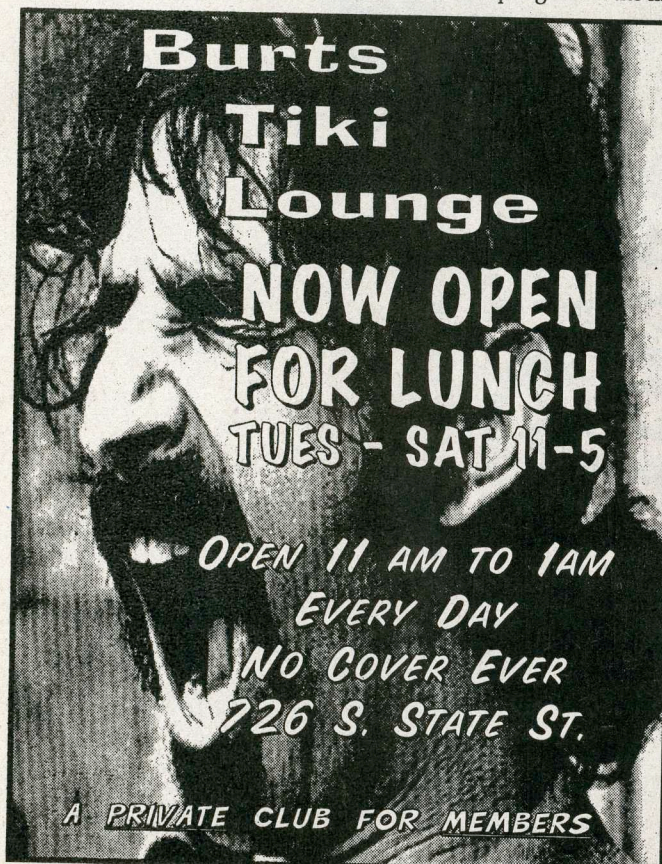
For those of you who don't know already, I am the booking agent for Spanky's Cinema Bar. Woopdee fuckin' doo. What this means is that I let every Tom, Dick, and Frank Sinatra Jr. call my house any time of the day and leave overlong and unimportant messages on my answering machine with the hopes of booking a show for their band at the club. I am a slut and will book just about anybody unlike most of the clubs in town, but that's just me. Once in a while I deal with booking agents for "national talent", signed bands that are touring the country to you and me, who are generally looking for a pick up date and can not get a show at any of the premier venues along the Wasatch front for the specified day they will be blazing through SLC. And when I say blaze through I mean it. Pay attention to what nights the majority of the good acts play in SLC and you'll inevitably notice that the best shows are on the stupidest nights of the week. Why is that? Because Salt Lake is the cash cow between the REAL cities where the markets for bands are much more diverse and there-

fore much more important to play on a prime night. That is not my opinion, it is the booking agents and record company people that I deal with's opinion. Lets look at what we've got to offer bands here in SLC. Delta Center for

Metallica and Yanni sized bands. The Salt Air and the Fairgrounds for famous bands like Tool and package tours like WARPED and SNO-CORE. Club DV-8 and Bricks for bands who are as big as Tool but want to slum it, or most of the other MTV sized bands on tour with a support band and a radio hit single, or riding on the coat tails of a radio hit single. The Zephyr Club, Liquid Joe's, and The Holy Cow for mid-sized touring acts that are trying to "break" nationally and develop a grass-roots following by playing in clubs where the audience can actually see the liposuction and penile implants without the aid of a telescope. Then you have the bottom feeders like Spanky's and the Dead Goat, Ichabob's "House of the Devil" (and would you please get a real P.A. already for Christ sake...) and any other numerous clubs that primarily deal with local talent, cover bands, and unknown touring bands (locals in their home towns) who are financing their own tours and looking for a place to play, an "in" in SLC. Are you with me so far? I'm not judging the clubs, saying this one's good or bad, I'm just observing the local protocol. To get your club up higher on the list of cool, you must provide a top quality P.A. system. Not adequate, not decent. TOP OF

town and attempts to get the most money and perks that the band can get. And if you are lucky enough to be in a band that has a song on the radio or a buzz in the trendy trade papers (like say, the brilliant and wonderfully woeful James Iha) you can pretty much get most of what you ask for. Money becomes no object when a popularity contest is on the line. Now there are booking agents in town who are very good and very shrewd at what they do. And what they do is deal with candy assed rock stars and put on shows that seem to go off without a hitch. Charlie at the Zephyr, Ole' at the Holy Cow, Dave "Big Daddy" Henderson at DV-8, Bricks or wherever the hell he wants to put it, and Jason Farrow (I hope I'm spelling his name right) at Bricks are all local guys who take chances to bring mid sized nationals into town and put them at a venue that is much more intimate than the Salt Air. The standard promoter's fee is 10-15% of the gross ticket sales. Everything is negotiable, but that's about average. The promoter's job is primarily negotiating the guarantee for the band with the booking agent (who's booking fee is also a standard 10-15% of the gross ticket sales), coming up with the front money in order to secure the show, securing a venue with sound and lights and security etc..., advertising, and finally, crossing off ridiculous requests in the band contract also known as the "rider". Mark my word, some day a book will be published with all of the famous band riders of the last 30 years and I'm sure it will be a goddamned funny book. Bands ask for all kinds of crazy stupid shit in their rider and depending on the size of the band and the complexity of the request, the promoter can either get the 27 bottles of chilled Perrier that the band will never drink or cross it off the list and fax it back to the agent. Since all of this is money out of pocket with the hopes on seeing a decent return on your initial investment of time, money and endless long distance bills, a good promoter will stack the deck and try to secure his investment by making the show as successful as possible. If the band fails to draw as many people as the promoter hoped, oh well, fuck you... pay me, we have a contract and it's on to the next town. I'm small potatoes as far as booking agents go because I really only deal with locals and unknown bands who are more than happy to play for the door money and I don't take a cut from any local acts or unknown touring bands. I get a small salary from the club and a long distance phone card and I require the bands themselves to take care of the promotion. This is good or bad depending on your viewpoint. If you are a hot shit band that has a great draw, you can make a killing at the door. I also let bands pick their own ticket prices. Some people see all this as apathy and lost opportunity. The way I see it though, it's really just, well... apathy and lost opportunity, but it works for me!

THE LINE! Full range monitors, many functional microphones (with stands), and a full range speaker system that has the ability to clearly reproduce live sound at 110 db. You don't have to run it at 110 db you simple motherfucker, it just has to have the headroom to be able to go there if you need to impress the chicks, and a qualified sound man to tackle any problems that may arise. You should have lights and a board to run them. You must spend money for advertising. And you must shell out the clams for the top notch bands that are coming through town. It's a lot like bidding for a construction job. A good band has a booking agent that contacts all of the clubs in



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Anyway I get a call few months back from the guy booking the God Lives Under Water tour and he says he needs a certain date filled and he'll give me the band really cheap so I offer him \$100 and a cut of 1/2 the door after \$350 plus dinner for the band and crew (8) with the opportunity to buy them out at \$10 per head (\$80). I also say no perks in the rider, just basic tap bar service which is standard practice at most reasonable venues. He agrees, after all the band has played the club a few years before and we have ourselves a big show on the way at Spanky's. The band is on a sub label of A&M records called 1500 and the company sends me much promotional materials by the way of posters and stickers and advance CD's to give out. I decide to not spend money on taking out radio ads because the show is only costing me \$180 to put on and at \$6 a ticket I'm sure we'll have a decent night. Amazingly enough the show falls on a Friday night and most local bands at Spanky's can make at least a few hundred dollars at the door charging only \$5 on a weekend night. So it would appear that I'm covered. Have a good local band open up the show, flyer the hell out of the town a full month before, and just chill out and wait for the band to come and rock the house. I get the contract and cross off all of the stupid requests in the rider and many other stupid requests as far as sound requirements go and I don't even think about it until I get a frantic

call from God's tour manager a week before the show. "Where have you been?! Why has no one returned my calls?!" Well I was on tour with my own band for over a week and who are you my mother that I have to stop and make more ridiculous long distance phone calls after I have spent at least two hours on the phone answering questions about the show to people at the record company already. He needs to advance the show and I say go for it dude. In a nutshell here is the list of requirements that God needs in order to play: Front row parking for their very large and expensive tour bus, a motel room for their driver, two loaders to help carry their guitars and drums in and out of the club, fresh gourmet coffee and snacks upon arrival at 10 am, an office for Mr. Ponytail/Access All Areas to set up shop and work out of for the day, a sound technician at 2 pm to assist in getting the band all plugged in and ready for sound check, 2 cases of beer (high point) back stage, a gallon of orange juice, a case of bottled water, one case of diet and one case of regular Pepsi, towels, a private dressing room separate and off limits from the local band with a mirror and bathroom complete with AC jacks, and 3 hours to sound check for just his band! As soon as I'm done laughing at him I remind him to peruse his copy of the contract and I reiterate the deal I negotiated with the booking agent over a month ago. He is now shocked and pissed

and does not have a copy of the signed contract (which he states is an old version of the new and improved contract), and proceeds to ask me what kind of a scam/sweatshop I am running? I tell him in my best Kathy Lee that the band can get dinner on me and drinks at the bar. No high point beer or hard alcohol. He can't believe I'm going to make his band wait on line at the bar for drinks. I tell him they won't have to wait on any line at all, I'll personally pour their beer and drink it for them, but he finds little comfort in my subtle attempt at a reality check. So I cave in and say fine I'll get God a few cases of Heineken and the bottled water and O.J., but that's it! No snacky wacky and vegetarian mountain goat deli tray from Spago. This is supposed to be a rock band not a bunch of pampered ass pussies. Well, wrong again. Day of the show, God pulls up to the club two hours late because of a freak blizzard in February in Salt Lake. Surprise, surprise. Upon arrival the band remembers playing at the club and gets the look of "Oh shit! Not this dump" all over their faces. A few derogatory comments by God are overheard by an unsuspecting Jason Brooks, the owner of Spanky's who just happens to be there because I'm busy working. He bites his tongue and awaits the tour manager's take on the club. Tour managers. Who are these people? Why do they all wear fanny packs, carry cell phones and have large

continued on page 25

WELCOME TO THE SUBTERRANEAN SECT



MINDROT

Soul

SOUL DELIVERS TEN NEW PROFOUND HYMNS THAT PUMMEL THE BODY YET CARESS THE MIND.



BLOOD DUSTER

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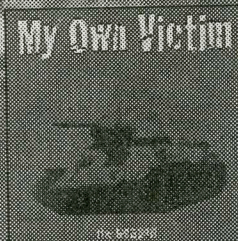
GROOVE FILLED, BLASTING GRIND WITH HORRENDOUSLY DISEASED ARTWORK.



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MY OWN VICTIM

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RELAPSE

CENTURY MEDIA

NUCLEAR BLAST AMERICA

A PORTION OF THE CNN TRANSCRIPT OF THE EVENT: "VAN SUSTEREN: Now tell me, Gene, how many volts of electricity go through or went through her body, and what was the physical reaction to the volts of electricity?"

MORRIS: There were 2300 volts, 9.5 amps for eight seconds to begin the process. It then dipped to 1,000 volts, eight amps for 22 seconds before it then increased again at 2300 volts, 9 1/2 amps for the final eight seconds. That's the entire process which amounts to 38 seconds.

As the electricity was activated and surged through her body, there was a -- her fingers clenched into a fist and her body sort of lurched as she was hit with the jolt of electricity. Both of those movements were entirely normal and natural, as I have seen, as I said, with the other 13 executions I have witnessed here at Florida state prison."

In June of 1971, James E. Goodyear, Judy Buenoano's husband, returned to Orlando, Florida from a tour of duty in South Vietnam. Soon he began experiencing weakness, nausea, vomiting, and diarrhea. Judy hesitated to have her husband hospitalized. His condition worsened and he reported to Dr. R.C. Auchenbach, his attending physician, that he had been suffering from these symptoms for two weeks.

Dr. Auchenbach was unable to determine the cause of Goodyear's condition, which continued to deteriorate. Despite Dr. Auchenbach's efforts to stop Goodyear's condition, Goodyear died on September 16, 1971. The causes of death were cardiovascular collapse and renal failure.

Debra Sims, who lived with Judy Buenoano and Goodyear shortly before Goodyear's death. Sims said that Goodyear grew ill following his return from Vietnam and that she witnessed him hallucinating.

Two of Buenoano's acquaintances, Constance Lang and Mary Beverly Owens, later testified at her trial that Buenoano discussed with each of them on separate occasions the subject of killing a person by adding arsenic to his food.

SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



Judy Buenoano

Lang testified that Buenoano had joked on several occasions about lacing her husband's food with arsenic. Owens testified that after hearing an upsetting phone call between Owens and her husband, Buenoano suggested that Owens take out more life insurance on her husband and then poison him with arsenic. Following Goodyear's death, Buenoano collected \$33,000 in life insurance proceeds and \$62,000 in indemnity compensation from the Veterans Administration. And Judy Buenoano was not only free, she wasn't even suspected of any foul play.

After Goodyear's death, Buenoano lived with Bobby Joe Morris, who became ill and died after exhibiting the same symptoms that Goodyear had exhibited. When Morris's remains were exhumed in 1984, the tissue analysis revealed acute arsenic poisoning. Buenoano collected approximately \$23,000 in life insurance proceeds following Morris's death.

Later Buenoano pushed her paraplegic son from a raft on a rafting trip. His death also brought her a hefty sum of insurance money. At the time of the murder it was ruled an accident. But in 1984

her son's body was autopsied and discovered to have been also in the early stages of arsenic poisoning.

After Morris died, Buenoano lived with John Gentry. In November of 1982, Gentry contracted a cold, and Buenoano began giving him the vitamin C capsule Vicon C to treat it. Gentry began to suffer from convulsions, nausea, and vomiting. He checked into a hospital and soon recovered. Upon returning home, Buenoano gave Gentry Vicon C again, and the nausea and vomiting returned. Buenoano held a \$510,000 life insurance policy on Gentry.

When the capsules didn't kill Gentry, Buenoano planted a bomb in his car. He survived the blast, and turned some of the vitamins over to the police for analysis when it looked like the bomber was Buenoano. The analysis revealed that the capsules contained paraformaldehyde, a class III poison.

Now a suspect in the bombing and poisoning of Gentry, the police looked back into the large number of deaths that surrounded Judy Buenoano. And they discovered her evil murders. And they got very cross.

A jury found Buenoano guilty of the first degree murder of Goodyear. During the penalty phase of the trial, the state presented further evidence against Buenoano. Gentry testified that after he refused to take the Vicon C which he had discovered to be poisoned, Buenoano was responsible for having his car bombed. Buenoano had been convicted of attempted murder for her role in the car bombing. The jury also was told that Buenoano had been convicted of murder in the drowning death of her disabled son, Michael. Buenoano collected life insurance proceeds following Michael's death.

The jury recommended a sentence of death. The judge applied it. And just a few days ago, the 30th of March, the state of Florida put Judy Buenoano to death in Old Sparky, the local electric chair.

—Yours truly St. Feltcher.

BUSTIN' the NUT CONTINUED

rings of keys loped around their necks on a chain with tags that say Access All Areas in big laminated card stock? Every one you'll ever meet is like the number one cheerleader for whatever band it is they're working for. Like being payed to babysit rock stars and blow endless amounts of smoke up unsuspecting peoples asses, the tour manager is yet another leech on the carotoid artery of the rock band. Of course if you are in the rock band, that is exactly what you want; a real shitkicker of manager who makes sure that the band gets the bare minimum of what is required for a successful show to be pulled off. He's payed to deal with the business so the band can deal with performing and looking cool. Since I had not provided God with an adequate monitor system (4 front wedges, 2 side fill wedges, and 1 monster drum fill) and their required 32 channel stereo front of the house mixing console, I was immediately shunned and looked upon with much enmity. They thought I was a dick. I told him I must be Donald Fucking Trump to have master-minded such a deal as to get God for a mere \$180 and a few cases of cheap beer. I suggested that they take a look at the size of the room they were playing and perhaps rethink needing to run a front of the house at all. What with all of the monitors on stage cranked up you should be able to hear the music across the fucking street. Well that didn't go over well with God, and it especially didn't go over well with God's tour manager since I only provided the band with 3 front wedges and a drum fill (actually Gary Wanlass provided them for me and saved my ass, driving all around town in a blizzard on a friday. What a champ!) But this was not good enough for God. I raced down to my band's rehearsal studio and took my own personal brand new EV P.A. cabinets and brought them down for the band to put at ear level and use as side fills, but to this God's manager spoke: "God is used to hearing his side monitors from the ground... I'm not about to upset the balance of things by changing the vector of our stage monitoring..." At this point in the day, things that started out as grim, began to take a turn for the worse! Jason Meadows, our house sound man/technician is, unbeknownst to anyone, on tour in Florida with Spotted Eagle. His replacement does not get off work until after 6:30. It's friday. It's snowing. He's coming from Sandy. What does it all mean? According to God's manager, God needs three hours to do a sound check! Three hours. To this request I have no reply. Dumbfounded I sit there patiently letting the egg drip down my face. Are the Ramone's this demanding? Is this what goes on every stinking night for Charlie at the Zephyr? We load the band's gear in while the band stands

around and watches us. No rock star trip there. I remind the band that I don't understand what the issue of sound is, after all they have played at this club before and there was never any special requests for added speakers. As far as I know the band had a great show and our house P.A. is even better now than it was two years ago. God replies that since then the band has changed quite a bit and has lots of little blips and stereo loops and techno fat ass sample trickery going on. I say, wow thats pretty cutting edge and original, hey where's the D.J.? Don't you know you're supposed to have a D.J. laying down the fat loops?! We've still got time, I bet if I leave now my band can learn most of your album and perform it at least as good as you by midnight tonight... for an extra twenty bucks we'll even get Rehan from Honest Engine to get up on stage and slap ya wit da fat ass bitch stick if you like. God also brought along a guitar tech. I asked him what he does. I've got the record and I think there are about four guitar parts on it. He says he helps with the drums. I say, well that's my drummer's favorite kind of guitar tech. One who helps with the drums. The band gets back from doing a radio interview at X-96 to inform me that the D.J. didn't even know about the band's show that night! I say, gee... so you just walked in off the street and introduced yourselves and got on the radio that quick. You really must be God! God's tour manager begins demanding that he see all of the advertisements that were taken out for the show. I inform him in front of his band that I didn't take out any special ads for the show. I got it previewed in three of SLC's most popular entertainment rags for free, and I flyer'd the hell out of the town. Why should I pay a thousand dollars to advertise a show that only cost me \$180? Look at the size of the room! We only hold 250 people, do the fucking math. God's tour manager was about to take a shit on the floor. The band replies, so if we cost you a thousand dollars then you would've taken out ads, right? I say, God, if you cost me a dime over \$250 I would have passed on the show! But since this is a pick up date and nothing else was available, beggars can't be choosers. You

should have seen the look. The band is standing around looking all art fagged out and sensitive, guys that obviously have more money than most bands ever get to see, the tour manger is stomping around in disbelief at what small timers we are at Spanky's that I can't provide for him every ounce of sound system and light show that God requires, and I ask him what I can do to make things right. "Well, for starters you can change your attitude and admit that you've dropped the ball and at least try to compensate us a little bit" are his words. Out of my mouth comes the line I've been waiting to say all day long: "What are you my mother? How about I turn around and bend over and give you a can of vaseline? Would that make you happy?" No laughs. Not one. I thought it was a classic film moment. Joe Pesci would be proud. "See, that's what I'm talking about, your attitude!" Just get up and play! You're a rock band right?! Forget the 3 hour sound experiments... shut up and play yer guitar!!! And just before the show is about to be canceled and I am about to give this joker the \$180 I owe him to get his band of earthy techno-pussies out of my fucking face, God themselves step between us like the parting of the Red Sea and state in their best post-modern sensitive art musician voices: "Stop fighting, stop fighting... We'll play!" And that, my friends is exactly the kind of horse shit that goes on to provide you the public with quality "national" acts. Live and learn! —d.m.

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THE SUICIDE MACHINES
Battle Hymns
 Hollywood

The Suicide Machines took a look at the Soundscan numbers and said, "hey, look at what those Mighty Mighty Bosstones have done with hard ska." The band dispensed with the pop punk formula and went with metal ska. There are two problems. Dicky Barrett isn't in the Suicide Machines and the Machines don't have the horns to tone things down now and again. The title pretty much says it all because a live rendition of the songs would fill a pit (Yes, in Utah pits still exist.) with battling teenagers faster than a popped zit becomes one. Lighter touches are present on occasion and the band still has a way with the lilt of ska, but the fluffier breaks are inserted as rest periods. No one can race this fast through 22 songs without slowing down occasionally. The closest thing to The Suicide Machines Battle Hymns is The Gadgets and that band is docile in comparison. If it has to be ska punk at least make it crazed. Battle Hymns is motherfucking crazed.

T-Square

SPOON
A Series of Sneaks
 Electra

Spoon has an interesting time ahead of them. These days the major labels are dropping bands nearly as fast as they sign them. Royal Trux is back with Drag City. The Melvins are with AmRep. Swervedriver put out an amazing disc on Zero Hour, Sky Cries Mary are back with World Domination and here we have Electra picking up Spoon from Matador. A Series Of Sneaks ranks right up there with the forthcoming Girls Against Boys release on Geffen. Spoon contin-

ues playing the kinky, skewed pop music they were known for during their Matador tenure. It almost sounds like typical pop music, but the use of repetitive chords and barely deconstructed guitar tunings causes wonder over Electra's choice. The press sheet proclaims "Car Radio" as the single and how they plan to market a 90-second song to the narrowly formatted radio of the '90s escapes me. Sure the tune is catchy and in the short time frame Spoon manages to steal from both Van Morrison ("Gloria") and the Modern Lovers ("Roadrunner"), but it's over almost before it begins. I realize that the attention spans of the sheep are short, but come on! The catch to the entire process is college radio. College radio barely exists in Utah. The plan is to promote Spoon through college radio. "Metal Dektor" follows "Car Radio" and it is even more catchy. By the time the disc has spun to "June's Foreign Spell" Spoon has captured any listener in the room. That's the problem. The only listener in the room is me. The mass of humanity only purchases what is "Spoon fed" to them. Package the disc with a free Third Eye Blind single and pray.

Elrod Hummer

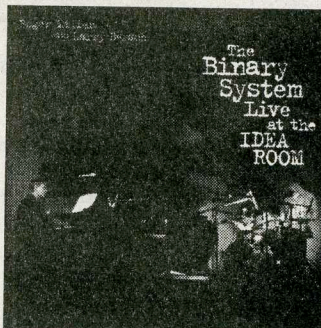
SKULPEY
The Chopper
 Pedigree

Skulpey packaged their release so beautifully that at least a cursory listen is required. It's all paper and fabric. None of that polystyrene for them. The band currently resides in New York City which is about as far from Utah as the imagination can stand. How Skulpey found SLUG is something beyond my comprehension. Skulpey, as is the case with many bands found in the pages of SLUG, plays guitar pop that can't find a spot on the popularity chart. How does one put the mark of the beast (bar code) on a hand-made paper enclosure anyway? Heather Mount is the vocalist and for a change she plays guitar not bass. Matthew Covey joins his voice with Mount's on occasion and he's the bass guy. Palo Chalpuka rounds out the trio on drums. Mount is adept with the effects

pedals and the feedback. Skulpey could hardly play DIY pop if a guitarist with talent was lacking. Now that my ears have received a thrilling experience with Skulpey it is time to emit a one liner for the band's next "press kit." The press kit, the bio and all other required information are included in a package suitable for USPS mailing - Skulpey's talents aren't limited to music. "Sweet Jane entered recovery and became an all-grown-up girl who could make her guitar sound like a cello. When boyfriend discovered her talent he burst into song. She joined him and the harmonies brought forth a bongo man on the traps. From the gutter they picked a dress all sparkly and as midnight blue as the night sky. From the waste bin they plucked a child's school folder. Cutting and pasting and singing the whole time they made a pleasing CD." Where the reader will find it is beyond me, but search the Internet for Skulpey@AOL.COM and have a credit card ready for purchase.

The Gingerbread Man

ROGER MILLER WITH LARRY DERSCH
The Binary System Live at the Idea Room / SST



The disc comes from three nights of recording at Long Beach's IDEA room coffee house. Roger Miller is probably best known for his work with Mission of Burma. Since those days he's released a number of recordings on the New Alliance and SST labels. For this recording he and drummer Larry Dersch played a set of "structured compositions." The duo then took a break and Miller "prepared" the piano by attaching bolts and alligator clips to the guts. The "piano" is a grand piano and the recording is the "best" of Miller and Dersch's

three night stand of drums and grand piano. If Ben Folds Five brought the grand piano to the attention of the "alternative nation" Miller has tossed a "brick" right through the television tube the "alternative nation" requires for musical inspiration. The "structured compositions" are exercises in mania. Miller covers Sun Ra's "Moon Dance" fer heck sakes. Forget Ben Folds, Miller would scare the entire Gina Bachauer competitive class of the last ten years with one song. He'd scare McCoy Tyner. Chopin would scratch his head in disbelief. That's the "structured" work. When the disc reaches the improvisational pieces the average jazz and classical connoisseur would run screaming from the room. It's all rhythm and noise. The music is powerful to the point of baffling the brain's capacity to understand. That is the charm. The more difficult the better as far as I'm concerned.

Sergio

NIGHTCAPS
Split
 Rendezvous Records

The Nightcaps came to town in March. I learned from SLUG that the band was jazz. I learned through their booking agent that they were lounge. I learned at the show that they were a combination of both. They played two sets because the other band booked, the Recliners, had an emergency and couldn't make the Salt Lake City date. The Nightcaps first set was so laid back and lounge-jazzy that the Zephyr hardly seemed like the correct night spot for the show. Too bright and not smoky enough. The second set jumped more and it brought a few dancers onto the floor. Overall the live experience was something not commonly viewed around Salt Lake City and it was most enjoyable, if more laid back than I'm accustomed to.

The Nightcaps CD, which the band gave me since I was the only member of the local entertainment press present in the club - again - with the exception of Martin Renzhofer, who lasted less than 30 minutes, is smooth. The press materials the booking agent faxed had led me

to believe the music was more raucous. The very mention of the Sonics, one of the greatest garage bands to ever emerge from the Pacific Northwest, in the band bio had me expecting something totally different. That is until The Recliners reach "You Lied." The band actually does play garage-punk-lounge music. The playing is understated rough. Theresa Hannam, the Nightcaps vocalist is oozing anger even as she remains calm on the surface. The magic of the reading is in the barely perceptible clenched teeth. If "You Lied" is the discovery song, "Split" is the "get out" song and "Thrillville" describes what happens after that damn liar is out of the picture. The three songs form a mini concept album. The overall impression left by Split is one of seduction. Hannam has the voice of a seductress. The band backing her obviously has a wide range of experience. They move as freely from full lounge to jazz to swing to R&B, to blues and they have that trace of garage punk. Locally there are who knows how many females attempting to create that wholly refreshing "sound." Believe it or not some of them are out in the suburbs creating "vanity" pressings of music just barely outside the realm of the Nightcaps. The difference between all of the local females and the Nightcaps is originality. I know of one local female vocalist who could slip into Hannam' cocktail gown as easily as she does flannel and jeans, but there is only one. The rest are either too concerned with cheese to originate or they are trying too hard to funk up the rock to use their voices to their full potential. Pick up the Nightcaps what discover what has been moving the rest of the country for at least the last six or seven years and still hasn't made much of an impact in Salt Lake City. It's lounge and it's jazz, it's mostly acoustic and it hardly rocks.

Gus Lout

MODEST MOUSE

The Lonesome Crowded House Up

Modest Mouse deserved a write-up months ago, but the disc became lost. I understand

why record labels send out CDs in cardboard sleeves and in jewel cases without covers. The "critic" can't sell the disc for hot dog money. It's the same as the problem encountered with advance cassettes. The CD in the cardboard jacket winds up in a stack with other CDs in cardboard jackets. In my filing system all CDs in cardboard jackets go in one pile, all CDs in jewel cases without covers go in another pile and as a general rule they are the last ones I listen too. As stated previously Modest Mouse deserved better.

The band doesn't sound that much like Built To Spill these days. Or maybe Modest Mouse sounds like early Built To Spill. The Lonesome Crowded House is more fucked up than a Built To Spill record. Isaac Brock can't sing worth a shit. He can't play the guitar either. That Hendrix reference surrounding "Shit Luck" vocals is purely accidental. Brock takes the lack of ability to heights unsurpassed by many a band. The music is all noise and quiet and abrasion and soft whispers. "Jesus Christ Was An Only Child" brings on the fiddle and the poetry. "Doin' The Cockroach" twists around a melody and a "dance." The guitar is taken kicking and screaming into a place of meditation and the dance becomes a trance inducing chant until Brock breaks the mood by changing up the tempo and the structure. A foreign flavor remains as "Doin' The Cockroach" becomes "Cowboy Dan." When Brock and his two friends get to jamming and bashing their instruments about waves of pleasure flood the brain. Why hasn't anyone discovered them? Is it because they are skinny nerd boys and MM music only appeals to skinny nerd boys and the girls who love them? The answer is obvious. There isn't any other explanation for the critical praise surrounding MM and the corresponding lack of commercial success. As long as rock critics are nerds they'll praise bands such as Modest Mouse. The rest of the world will ignore them until a fluke like Beck comes along. It's all so sad, it's so sad that it's time to press repeat and listen again to "Out of Gas."

JASON & THE SCORCHERS *Midnight Roads & Stages Seen* Mammoth

Once again the double disc set is an advance. The set proves once and for all that the vast majority of No Depression bands are imitators. In 1982 they were called Jason and the Nashville Scorchers and along with Rank & File they defined cow-punk. Neither band achieved much commercial success, but without them both there wouldn't be a "No Depression" scene. No wonder the magazine named after an Uncle Tupelo album has taken Alejandro Escovedo (Rank and File) and the reformed Jason and the Scorchers as their little darlings. Many in the "alt. country" nation are new age hippies with massive collections of Poco, New Riders of the Purple Sage, Roger McGuinn and Pure Prairie league reissues. Jason & the Scorchers are unashamedly hillbilly punks. *Midnight Roads & Stages Seen* is all live and the music is for broken-hearted punks. Punks have bad relationships just like everyone else. A pint of whiskey and a broken heart require twang. Punks celebrate the pain. Jason & the Scorchers celebrate the pain for about two hours. If hippies were in attendance at the concert they were surely trampled beneath the feet of buck dancing, slam dancing, punk rock hillbillies. At one time Jason & the Scorchers were compared to Jerry Lee Lewis. One of the most legendary live recordings ever released was Jerry Lee Lewis' *Live At the Star Club*. While placing *Midnight Roads & Stages Seen* alongside that album would be premature there is little doubt that in "critical" cubicles Jason & the Scorchers live will receive more attention than any other live recording released in 1998. The presence of Mavericks and BR-549 members can only help sell records in spite of the deep Nashville ties. The highlight opens disc two. "Help! There's a Fire" features Jason Ringenberg on slide guitar. His vocals are so close to the Cramps' *Lux Interior* that what goes around comes around is on full display. If "country" is a despicable term because of stereotypical music then one listen to Jason & the

Scorchers is advised. True punks already realize that Hank Williams Sr. was a soul mate and most have no doubt experienced a Scorchers recording before. Head on down to the liquor store and purchase a pint of the cheapest whiskey. Stop by an independent CD retailer, purchase the set and prepare for good drunk with good music. The rest can rely on MTV and the radio for the same, same, same old shit.

Elrod Hummer

godheadSilo *Share The Fantasy* Sub Pop



Remember when Sub Pop wasn't cool anymore? Remember when Epitaph suffered the same fate? At this point in time both labels are releasing some of the best music around and most people probably still think they aren't cool anymore. godheadSilo has returned from wherever they've been hibernating still playing bass and drums. Their new release is incredible, it's astounding, it is unbelievably atrocious, noise filled and so distorted that a check of the homeowners insurance policy is required before placing the disc in the "system." As if anyone picking up godheadSilo has homeowners insurance. *Share The Fantasy* isn't for the neighborhood skate rat or trailer park dweller. Only those able to think past the latest Days Of The New tale of a difficult childhood will possess the musical knowledge to sit through the racket.

"It isn't even music," shouts the musically challenged chain store buyer as he/she turns down the Sub Pop representatives sales pitch. "No one will buy it, it's all about the bottom line, I must move product units to keep my job. Don't you have a new Nirvana?" It's back to the



Mom and Pop's for Sub Pop and godheadSilo. The Mom and Pop buyer, even the Tower Records buyer, says, "Fuck yeah, give it to me on CD and did you make any records? I'll play the shit out of godheadSilo in-store and move enough copies to turn a profit. When are they coming to town and can you get me on the 'list'? Let them nambie pambies shop at CDs R Sam Goody." The next time frat boy brings his collection over for a night of drinking and dope smoking put on Share The Fantasy. Not only will you acquire some CDs to sell at the used shop, but frat boy will leave all of his beer and pot at your house. The music will fry his brain cells so badly that he won't even remember coming over. Even I, the jaded "rock critic," burst into tears after hearing "Nap Attack."

Mr. Wizard

GASTR DEL SOL *Camoufleur* Drag City

Several years before Gastr Del Sol formed I was already a fan of Jim O'Rourke. For one reason or another an experimental label in Australia was mailing CDs to Salt Lake City and O'Rourke's Tamper was one of them. Today O'Rourke is a household name and so is Gastr Del Sol. I wish. The tricky boys at Drag City typed the information about who plays on the disc in backwards. I'll skip the mirror process and turn in the short analysis on the instrumental prowess of Gastr Del Sol - O'Rourke, David Grubbs and Markus Popp with guests. Although several songs have vocals and there is something of a message the CD remains attractive for the instrumentally inclined. Guest musicians are present with a variety of instru-

ments and Popp isn't exactly a full-time member, he too is a guest. Grubbs and O'Rourke are known for their experimental nature and the music of Camoufleur isn't going to change the minds of consumers challenged by anything remotely approaching experimental. However, the music isn't typically experimental. It's nice, pleasant, calming experimental music. One of the more adventurous "new age" stations in the land would do well to pick up on "Bauchredner" and introduce their audience to an entirely new universe of music. It seems a bit unusual to write of a Gastr Del Sol album as pretty, but that is indeed a description. Either that or my ears are accustomed to so much bashing that even the latest Tortoise album is tame. Then again there is the title. Look it up in the dictionary.

Stephen R. Bevy

FATSO JETSON *Power Of Three* SST

Fatso Jetson interrupts the flow with insanely attractive improvisational jams. Mario Lalli sings a number while his cohorts continue the jam and then he bows his head once again to play guitar. All Fatso Jetson's are from the Coachella Valley desert in Southern California and there



must be something about desert air because their creations are instantly recognizable as Meatpuppets influenced - the Meatpuppets as a spaced out jazz band. Just when the band has settled nicely into the comfortable round hole an addition is made, the band becomes a square peg and pops right out of the hole. Vince Meghrouni is known for his work with Bazooka. His first appearance on harmonica transforms Fatso

Jetson into Jack 'O Fire with Tenderloin tendencies. Mario Lalli does the vocals as Meghrouni blasts out the harp work while Larry Lalli and Tony Tornay rock the bottom. From Meatpuppets to Jack 'O Fire and then it's off on a romp through the desert. The desert in this case is Middle Eastern with a Spanish title and Meghrouni plays flute with the Lalli's and Tornay. As previously stated the band loves to improvise and jam on. Rather than pull out some tired riff Molly Hatchet lifted from an Allman Bros. record Fatso Jetson inhales space dust or PCP or a cactus button and trips completely out. The instrumentals provide the disc's most cherished moments, but when Mario Lalli decides to sing it's like entering a black hole where the only vocalists mattering are Ernie Locke and Lalli. Call the instrumentals desert space surf and the vocals fucked up cowboy blues.

Jeremy Sponge

ELMO WILLIAMS & HEZEKIAH EARLY *Takes One To Know One* Fat Possum

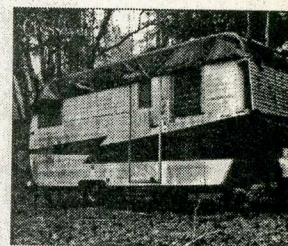
I met a cab driver recently who told me the entire history of Fat Possum Records in anecdotal form. When I called Fat Possum to inquire about this title Amos, a Fat Possum employee I related the experience to, knew the same cab driver. The album title is prophetic because the music is too primitive for the civilized person to comprehend and the liner notes reveal the "fuck you" reason why. Elmo Williams is the guitarist. "For Elmo, learning riffs has always come easy, as having respect for others, their beliefs, values and personal property has always been difficult. The harder he tries to respect others the harder it gets." It takes one to know one and Matthew Johnson, whatever personal problems he might have had or has presently, certainly does know one when he finds one. The cab driver knew one when he found one and that's why he related his anecdotes to me. The blues Elmo Williams and Hezekiah Early create are for those who know one when they find one. Hezekiah plays drums, harmonica and he

sings. Elmo also sings.

Throughout the land there are many folks who believe in the blues. These folks can't determine why Jonny Lang and Kenny Wayne Shepherd are so despised. The blues are the blues aren't they? Most certainly they are not and the bastard spawn of Vaughan/Hendrix play blues for the pony-tails. The blues of Williams/Early are blues for people who live the blues. There's a pain in the mind, an inability to fit in, a hatred for authority and a belief that mediocrity always rises to the top. That sort of individual will enjoy the mess of blues Williams & Early dish out. Bash the drum set, beat the guitar to death and make a noise so beautiful that only Fat Possum would release it.

Spamburger

Crosseyed *It's A Shame* Omnivine



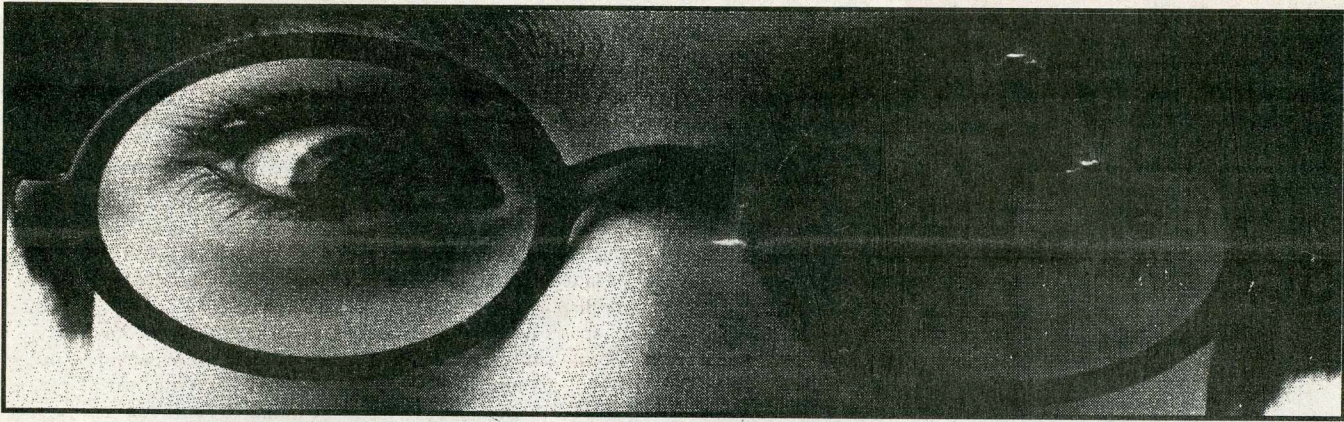
it's a shame

What is a Decatur, Georgia-based label doing signing a deal with New York City-based Roadrunner and promoting a CD released by a Seattle label from a Yakima, Washington-based band? I'll be damned if I know, but Crosseyed isn't exactly what I expected. Autonomous, the Georgia label, was founded by Jupiter Coyote members. The label released the first Sister Hazel disc. Crosseyed is one of those hard touring Northwest bands. Put that information together with the following blurb from the press kit and prepare for another "hippie" record. "Over time, Crosseyed evolved into a solid quartet, playing all original material that is an eclectic mix of many genres, including alternative blues, rock, jazz & folk."

continued on page 32

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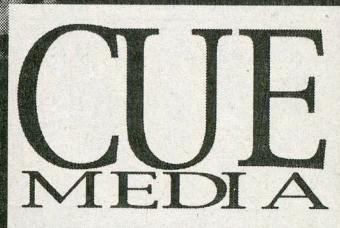
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That combination of genres always scares me because the result is usually "jam on." Crosseyed actually does combine genres. The disc of current interest is an all acoustic affair and while the music is low-key the blues and jazz aspects shine through.

The best songs feature guest artists. "Forever Will It Last" has Michael Grey's fiddle. The tune swings in a Leon Redbone style. "Closer To The End" has Hugh Sutton adding accordion to the gypsy folk. Paul Benoit is the vocalist with a voice like the Jackmormon's Jerry Joseph and that isn't where the comparisons end. Benoit shares singing, songwriting and guitar credits with Doug Schoolcraft and the songs the two write are phrased similarly to Joseph's work. In other parts of the country Triple A and Americana radio stations eat music such as this up and create regional stars. In Utah listen for the band on KRCL. Watch for Crosseyed on local club calendars constantly this summer. The band has selected Salt Lake City as a place receptive to their style. Supposedly Crosseyed is quite a rockin' affair live. As for the CD? It's recommended to IAMA members, Leon Redbone fans, Sugarhill Records fans, Jackmormon's fans, Donna Smith fans and hippies not locked into jam on.

Squirrelly

CAT MUSIC HMG/HighTone Records

My good Lord almighty. It's been some days since a HighTone Records release appeared in SLUG magazine. Admittedly I'm placing myself at risk of censorship by spending the time to write this review, but there is a SLUG appropriate tune in amongst the "roots rock."

Let's get that information out of the way immediately. One of the most salacious songs ever set to wax was written by Rockin' Ronnie Weiser. Truth be known I hadn't realized it until this disc arrived in the mail. I've cherished my Teenaged Cruisers vinyl for many a year, but I never checked the liner notes for song authorship. I always thought Alvis Wayne wrote it. What is "it"? Why you fools, it's "I Wanna Eat Your Pudding." Here's what Rockin' Ronnie wrote about the song in the liner notes. "Rollin' Rock Production from 1974. I wrote it too! It was hormones back then. Enuff said already." Song credits list R. Weiser/A. Wayne so maybe Alvis contributed something too? Whatever. Here for your reading enjoyment is a lyrical "snatch." Actually here's a transcript (as nearly as I can understand the lyrics) of the entire song. "I'm gonna eat that puddin' when I come home/I wanna eat your



puddin' until you moan/Eat black puddin' it tastes so sweet/I wanna eat jelly puddin' that's my kind of meat/Puddin' puddin' twice a day/Puddin' puddin' hey! hey! hey! hey!/I'm gonna circle me a hand and have me some fun/Beef in the puddin' until I cum/Baby stays together with some white meat 'n' cream and I'll still be puddin' that'll make you scream/Puddin' puddin' through the night/puddin' puddin' don't you feel so tight/Gonna eat black puddin' every day/Eat your puddin' so don't you go away/I'm gonna stick my finger in your cherry pie and go, go, go 'til I hear you cry/Puddin' puddin tastes so good/Puddin' puddin' like I knew it would/I gotta eat that puddin' every day/I gotta eat your puddin so don't you go away/I wanna stick my fingers

in your cherry pie and go, go, go, go 'til I hear you sigh/Puddin' puddin' tastes so good/Puddin' puddin' like I knew it would/Puddin' puddin' it tastes so good/Puddin' puddin' like I knew it would."

The rest of the disc is filled with obscurities. Rather than confuse the reader with more words I'll simply state that purchasing the disc for Alvis Wayne is worth more than \$15. Consider the other "songs" a bonus. Girlfriends too can use Alvis as a seduction tool.

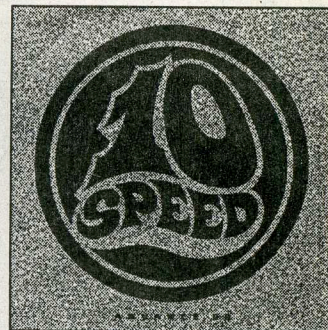
Hillbilly Jake

10 SPEED A&M

Tommy can you see me? Tommy can you feel me? "I'm wired, wired, wired, wired, when I want you, I want you once, but I need you 27 times, aaaaaah!" What the fuck? Is it the band name and the title of the first song, "Wired," that brings to mind overindulgence in crystal meth? Has 10 Speed listened to Queen's Flash Gordon soundtrack, the Who's Tommy album and participated as audience members at a few late night Rocky Horror Picture Show viewings. Throw in the Bee Gees' Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, Gary Glitter, T-Rex, Slade, some platform boots and David Bowie as Ziggy Stardust and then state the obvious; it had to happen sooner or later. 10 Speed is so glam that they go beyond glam. The vocals are operatic, the songs are begging for a movie and if the entire project weren't so overblown it might actually be attractive, in a nostalgic kind of way. Lacking a press release and holding only a CD with a sticker for a cover it's difficult to deter-

mine what is going on. Whatever it is Freddy Mercury is attempting to channel Hatch, the man responsible for writing the songs, from the grave in order to take over his body and perform 10 Speed material on an arena stage. Sadly bands such as 10 Speed don't attract arena sized audiences anymore and viewing the glam live in a club would bring the cheese right up front and personal.

Marc Bloan



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AUSTIN



My assignment this year was to photograph drunks passed out in their own vomit. I failed because SLUG couldn't come up with any cash for the trip. I still went to the big "industry" party in Texas and the largest question surrounding my "assignment" was...how in the fuck am I supposed to photograph myself? Instead of writing some stupid nonsense about who I saw and what I did I've decided to do a SLUG "thing" this year. I managed to pick up some pretty strange CDs in Austin. You can't buy this shit anywhere. No one reads SLUG for the reviews anyway. Most people, myself included, read SLUG to see what kind of idiocy the publisher and his "employees" can dish out. The only readers SLUG has these days are either very, very stupid or very, very smart. There isn't any in-between. So punk ass bitches. Here are a few reviews of CDs available only at the SXSW "party." If you weren't there you don't have them. If you weren't there you can't get them. And those who were there and didn't get them are fucking idiots.

Before the reviews I'll give a word-of-mouth report on the big psychobilly festival in Denver. Utah County's own Unlucky Boys went there and caused a riot. Sweatin' Willy beat the shit out of an Irishman. Since I'm Scottish I would like to congratulate Willy for his effort. Next up is a SLUG recipe. Vegans can skip this. Find one cup of rice, one green pepper, one beef bouillon cube, one large yellow onion, a pound of ground beef, a garlic clove, a dash of seasoned salt, a dash of freshly ground pepper and one cup of water. Dissolve the bouillon cube in the water. Put the cup of rice in a Pam sprayed baking dish. Pour the water over the rice. Mince the garlic clove, chop the

onion and the green pepper. Toss half of the mixture in a bowl. Stir the other half into the rice/beef "broth" mix. Add the salt and pepper to the bowl. Dump the ground beef in the bowl and kneed the mess like bread dough. Form into patties and put them on top of the rice. Cover the baking dish with tin foil and bake for one hour in 400° oven.

Remove from the oven. Scoop out the ground beef patties and place them on a plate. Cover them with the rice. Garnish with pot leaves from the garden. Enjoy.

Tengoku Jack - Kappa Records
Japan - This particular recording is an EP. The vocals are partly in English, but

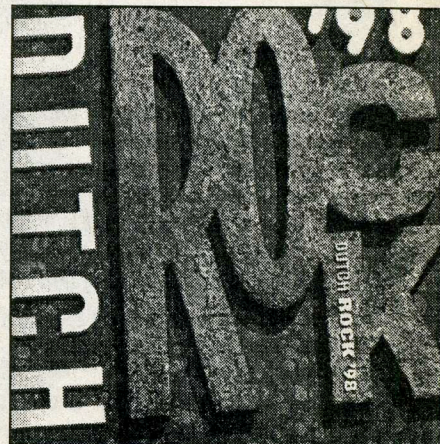


Daira, the singer, doesn't enunciate very well. "Love Is Over" is the opener and it is heavy metal/grunge. The second number is where Tengoku Jack get with the program. "Maria Mania" is all fucked up thrash. Who the fuck knows or cares what Daira is singing about, just form a big East Coast pit and beat each other senseless. "Angel #10" is "sensitive" thrash - thrusting, grinding, vagina surfing music. No wonder Tengoku Jack members were so enthusiastic about the Swamp Donkeys disc I traded this for. "Nightmare" finishes it all off with darkness. Tengoku Jack as heavy metal Japanese Goths.

Dutch Rock '98. It appears that taxpayer dollars were used for the compilation. Two CDs make up the package and Folk, Blues, Guitarpop, Rock, Metal and Punk genres are spanned. Fay Lovsky

begins the journey with blues. In Holland they categorize country blues as folk music I guess? Ygdrassil is another curiosity. In America they'd call it avant-garde jazz. In Holland it's folk. "I Met A Friend Today" is spaced out, fucked up misery and it is good. Watchman's "Hippy's Lament" is violent singer/songwriter. Drippin' Honey opens the blues portion as Morphine inspired. I believe that drug is legal in Holland? Haunted house junkie blues is the description. Hans Theessnick brings on a trombone and a female backing chorus to interpret Mississippi delta country blues? I'm guessing that the musicians for the blues portion are all white, but for some reason they haven't picked up on the American "white" guitar hero blues. Lo-Lite is the first "electric" band. Fat Possum is obviously their blues label of choice and the band probably held a wake for Robert Palmer, Junior Wells and Junior Kimbrough's deaths. In America the deaths were a footnote and J.W. Roy might as well be American because he thinks he's Clapton - gag.

The "guitar pop" portion of CD 1 is more trip hop than pop. I guess in Holland guitar strings are replaced by black and white keys? But then again there's always Bettie Serveert. Do, do, do doot. Skip the rest of the "guitar pop." Skip the 10 "rock" songs opening CD 2. In Holland "rock" appears to mean "progressive," Seattle and Beck. How about the band Celestial Season and their song, "Warp Speed To Vulcan." If it sounds like Sabbath why not included it with the metal? The Cords, Soylent Green and Brotherhood Of Man are all included in the "rock" portion and they all sound like "metal" to me. What is "metal" in Holland anyway. Within Temptation begins that portion as Crisis with synthesizers - ponderous and lurching - goth



metal. Vengeance has synthesizers too and "Darkside Of The Brain" is a bone cruncher, at least when the band stops being sensitive. Silicon Head is some kind of Slayer/Morbid Angel/Cannibal Corpse/Vision of Disorder mutation. Xhausted is the best of all. No one in the band can play their instrument so they bang on them really, really fast as the "singer" screams and roars. The six "punk" bands have the best song titles and the best names. Heiderosjes has a song titled "Fistfuckparty at 701." Deadstoolpigeon doesn't have a good song title, but the name is enough. Obnoxious has "Rotterdamn It!" and for the pop/punk/sing-a-long youngsters the Dutch have the Travolta's and the NRA. For more on the Dutch music "scene" go to <http://www.popinstituut.nl> or <http://www.conamus.nl>

SXSW Japan Nite Sound Sampler '98- Musical Madness from Japan. Tengoku Jack opens the disc with two garage punk songs not found on the EP. The Kokessies do lovely acoustic pop backed by guitar, flute, a toy keyboard and rhythm sticks. O•N•T•J are a lounge-jazz-disco-dance band sounding



more French than Japanese. Balbora almost attracts a lounge description as well except their lounge is spy based and sitting next door to Bellingham, Washington's 3B Tavern, the site of Garageshock. Cocco is kind of metal and kind of pop and kind of dance in an American sort of girl group manner. The Zabombs have a "cool" name and a dirty, funky, Girls Against Boys sound. Smile Like Dog finally brings on the true noise. No New York anti-jazz with female vocals, male screams and only two songs. Put full lengths from Tengoku Jack and

Smile Like Dog on the want list. Riyu Konaku is more lounge and I'm wondering what is up with all the Japanese lounge acts? Incredibly enough Petty Booka is a Japanese bluegrass band. They cover "Material Girl" in bluegrass fashion and then, believe it or not, Petty Booka covers the Cadillacs' "Speedo" as bluegrass doo wop. Add Petty Booka to the full length list. Nine bands and three of them are worthy candidates for further exploration.

An Internet address isn't listed for the Japan Nite CD. I haven't checked for a "site" yet, but try typing "Japan Nite" into whatever search engine is used. That's Austin. Instead of seeing any bands this year and photographing Urinals (they played!) I flew down, went to the convention center, gathered up as many free CDs as I could lay my hands on, returned to my motel and sat in the room for four days listening to them. Pretty cool huh? Oh, there's one more thing. This Beatle Bob guy was everywhere in Austin. I hate the Beatles.

Beach Boy Billie

YER

HIGHNESS



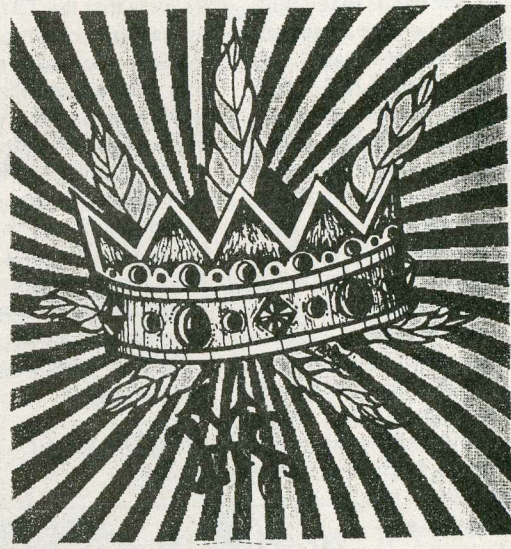
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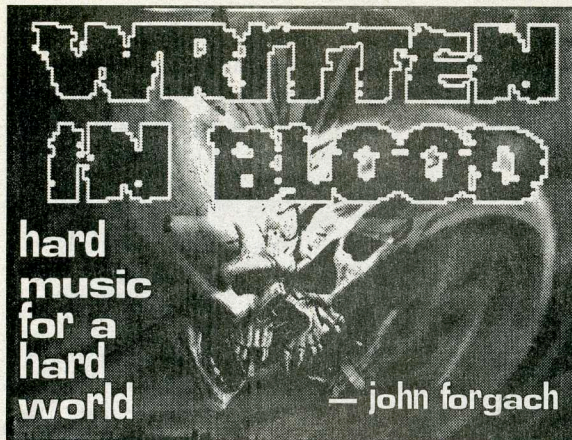
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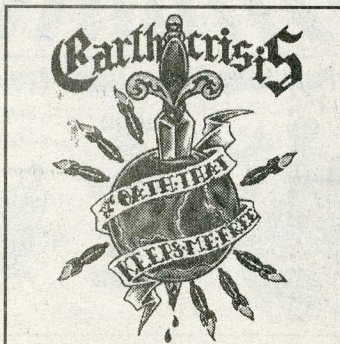
MOTHER GOD MOVIESTAR Interscope

Put this down on my "Surprised the shit out of me" list for '98. I picked this CD up on one of my routine "shopping" trips at SLUG H.Q.. I normally only take what's in my box, then escape before subjecting myself to one of the evil SLUG editor's amusing little quips. On one recent trip I took a quick glance through the "unclaimed freight" stack of CDs that are destined for use as beverage coasters and found one by a band called Mother God Moviestar. Cool cover, decent name, so-so song titles - I'll give it a listen. W. O. W!! This is one of those few bands that define what being a crossover band is all about. I can't really explain it, nor do I want to, but I remember D.R.I.'s, THRASH ZONE as being a good example. Mother God Moviestar sounds like it could be a good techno band, but at the same time has a really good guitar, bass, and drum player in the band that keep a solid human feel to the music. I don't have a bio for this band, but their music speaks for itself (ouch, that cliché hurt). You can tell by listening that Mother God Moviestar is fond of and good at manipulating the music in the mix, but they also like to keep the human touch evident. The last four songs on the CD are remixes and show how capable this band is of being pure techno. I'm not sure exactly who this band is geared to appeal to, but they have the metal vote.

EARTH CRISIS

**The Oath That Keeps Me Free (live)
Victory**

Earth Crisis, champions and one of the most vocal bands of the straight edge movement played and recorded a show in



Syracuse, New York. The concert was a benefit to raise money for guitarist Kris Weichmann's father who was in need of a costly operation. **THE OATH THAT KEEPS ME FREE** is the first live album Earth Crisis and shows that words backed up by action can be a very powerful thing. The CD opens with a cover of Cream's, "Sunshine Of Your Love". The CD also contains some of the band's favorites as well as some other rare nuggets. Earth Crisis will be taking their message of

positive living on tour this spring with Hatebreed and Strife.

AREA 51 Hardcore Compilation' Victory

So you need more hard-core music to make your pathetic lives more livable? If that's the case, then take a deep breath and dive into the hard-core compilation AREA 51. This CD marks the 50th anniversary of the Area 51 conspiracy. Will we ever know the real truth? Who knows? One thing we do know is that this CD is one of the most comprehensive looks at what today's hard-core from around the world has to offer. AREA 51 contains 54 bands with over two and a half hours of music. The CD features Ajuuca, Deviate, No Redeeming Social Value, Surface, Earth Crisis, Next Step Up, Stigmata, Fahrenheit 451, Compression, Transpunk, Celestial Season, Sifter, etc...and that's just the first dozen bands. Listen to this CD in it's entirety and you'll have all of the evidence that you seek.

KING DIAMOND Voodoo

Metal Blade

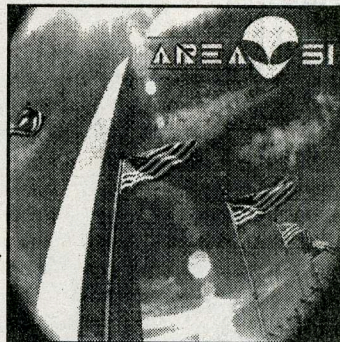
King Diamond - Pioneer of black metal - King of darkness - you pick one. The King has released another one of his storytelling albums with long-time collaborator, guitarist Andy La Rocque. The theme album **VOODOO** takes place around a Louisiana mansion in 1932. A couple, expecting

a child, move into a mansion which is situated on sacred land. Voodoo, superstitions, the powers of evil and graveyards are all contained in the King's tale and all play a part in the madness that ensues. Prepare - Once a King Diamond album is released, it's only a matter of time before a Mercyful Fate album follows. Spooky.

DISORDERED

Documentaries Of Disgust Slaughterhouse Records

Layton, UT - Death metal capital of the...well maybe not, but it is the home of the grind-gore band Disordered. Disordered formed in 1993 and is Matt Garrett (guitar/vocals), Todd Weir (drums), Mike Kimball (guitar), and John Norton (bass/vocals). Early demos from the band include **WITHIN THE MIND OF A MORTICIAN** and **DISFIGURED CORPSE**. Disordered's latest (first on CD) recording is **DOCUMENTARIES OF DISGUST** and includes five new songs, the three songs from **DISFIGURED CORPSE**,



and one song from their **WITHIN THE MIND** ...demo. All of the band's earlier material was reworked and rerecorded before being added to the CD. **DOCUMENTARIES OF DISGUST** was recorded at SoundImage Studios. Disordered's style of metal has been coined "Pathological Grind-Gore", lyrics dealing with the

kind of surgical practices you wouldn't expect to find going on at the LDS Hospital. The first three songs have the word carrion in them and some kind of scraping, cutting, or exhuming is going on in each of the songs. Read the lyrics and expect a gut-churning good time. The band wanted me to mention that the member of Disordered that was charged with breaking and entering, theft, etc. has been cleared of all charges by Ogden police (Which proves once again kids - misdemeanor crime and death metal just don't mix!). You can get **DOCUMENTARIES OF DISGUST** at the heavy metal shop or by contacting Slaughterhouse Records at P.O.B. 510163 Salt Lake, UT 84151. Visit the Disordered web site at www.geocities.com/SouthBeach/Lights/3769

UNBOUND MIND Time Will Pass S.I.S.

Salt Lake's very own Unbound Mind is releasing their CD **TIME WILL PASS**.

Although the band has been in existence for about three and a half years, this is the first time you'll be able to hear their groove laden brand of metal committed to CD format. **TIME WILL PASS** was recorded at

Sound Image Studios in Salt Lake. Members of Unsound Mind include Gabriel Edgar (vocals/guitar), Michael Maestas (bass), Darren Mancino (guitar), and Travis Jiron on drums. Travis Jiron appears on **TIME WILL PASS**, but remains a member of his band **Wicked Innocence**. What does this mean to the drummers of

the world? The band Unsound Mind is looking for a drummer to fulfill the human aspect of their line-up. This band doesn't limit itself to traditional song structure. Once the songs on this CD get started, the only boundaries encountered by this band are their limitless musical imaginations. All of the members of Unsound Mind play an instrument, which is probably at least in part responsible for the long instrumental sections in most of their songs - the CD even features a 6+ minute instrumental (track 4 "420"). Unsound Mind proves that even though Salt Lake's beer may be weak, it's metal will stay strong. You can pick up Unsound Mind's, **TIME WILL PASS** at the Heavy Metal Shop. Contact the band at 837 Ramona Ave, SLC, UT 84107. Or at www.wildcatmedia.com/unsoundmind.



Sepultura, Max Cavalera is releasing an album with his new band Soulfly. According to Max, his main influences for the album were the energy he gets from his new bandmates and also the feelings he experienced from the death of a good friend. Musicians enlisted for Soulfly were Roy Mayorga/drums (ex-Thorn), Jackson Bandeira/guitar (ex-Chico Science), and Marcello Rapp/bass (former Sepultura roadie). There are enough similarities between Soulfly and Sepultura that you can tell

Max was in both bands, for instance his voice and guitar riff selection, but at the same time they are definitely different enough that the two won't be confused. Soulfly's sound reflects the experimental nature Cavalera wanted from his new band. Max continues to add a touch of Brazilian flair to his music, but also delves into areas left untouched by his previous band. Guest musicians from Fear Factory, Limp Bizkit, Deftones, Dub War, Cypress Hill, and Chico Science were also featured on the album.

SOILENT GREEN **A String Of Lies** **Relapse**

To mark their move from Dwell to Relapse Records, Soilent Green has recorded a three song e.p. titled **A STRING OF LIES**. S.G. formed about ten years ago in New Orleans and from the sounds of it have spent the last decade fine tuning their manic playing style. Style-wise, this band mixes grind, speed, and sludge core to come up with their sound. The ten years the band has been together gives Soilent Green's music a more mature feel from their multi-styled approach. Track one, "Sewn Mouth Secrets" is also the tentative title for the band's full-length due out at the end of the year.



CANNIBAL CORPSE **Gallery Of Suicide** **Metal Blade**

Take a walk with me through the **GALLERY OF SUICIDE**. This is 14 tracks of new and improved Cannibal Corpse. On the last album we heard new vocalist George "Corpsegrinder" Fisher in action. This time around, we find Cannibal Corpse skimming the cream off of the top of the pool of available musicians in search of a replacement for guitarist Rob Barrett. The band's newest "corpse" is ex-Monstrosity and Nevermore guitarist Pat O'Brien. O'Brien jumped right in, getting involved with the writing of some of the material, including the instrumental "From Skin To Liquid". This album is the most musical Cannibal Corpse to date. I don't know if it's because of the new "blood", but this album has more musical layers than previous outputs by the band. Violence and gore are the best words to describe the lyrics. "His blood drips from my mouth I bit his larynx out. Biting off fingers when he tried to push me back. Chopping at his face in hate (We learn earlier in the song that the chopping is taking place with the help of a screwdriver.), I gouge and hack. Crushing the despised." **GALLERY OF SUICIDE** will be out on April 21st.

FACEDOWN **The Twisted Rule The Wicked** **Nuclear Blast**

Although I may be stereotyping the majority of bands that come out of Europe, one of the things I really like about Sweden's Face Down is that they don't sound like they are European. It just seems to me a lot of the heavy bands out of that area are moving away from being heavy and are incorporating too many goth-sounding influences in their music. This may be another stereotype, and I've said it before, but just about every band that comes out of Sweden is bound to be great or at least really good. Must be something in the water. **THE TWISTED RULE THE WICKED** is the second full-length for Face Down. This band's guitar propelled approach brings the melodies to the front, and is the basis for the structure of their songs. Did I mention that this stuff is heavy? Fans of bands like Meshuggah should check this out.

—Forgach

MORTICIAN **Zombie Apocalypse** **Relapse**

Those zombie luv'n funsters from New York City, Mortician are back with another installment of gore splattered mania. This twelve track CD, aptly titled **ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE**, is about...well, zombies. (If you've heard enough, please move on to the next review.) O.K. so your still with me. It might interest you to know that the band added covers from the bands Slaughter (Canada) and Repulsion. On **ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE**, Mortician upholds their strongly-held, single-minded lyrical visions and their music follows suit. These boys know what they like - Zombies and horror films - The question is, if these guys are selling zombies, is anyone buying? There's only one thing I ask from my music...more brains please.

SOULFLY **Roadrunner**

Former head-honcho for the band

Daily Calendar

Sunday, April 5

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
Trouser Trout - Zephyr

Monday, April 6

Blair Lundstedt - Crocodile
Mark Hummel and the Blues
Survivors - Dead Goat

Tuesday, April 7

Mary Tebbs - Crocodile
Goat Jam - Dead Goat
Wheel Chair Weed with Casa
Diablo - Holy Cow
Oxomatli - Zephyr

Wednesday, April 8

Beaumonts - Burt's Tiki
Brother Sage - Dead Goat
Caroline's Spine - Holy Cow
Marmalade Hill - Liquid Joe's
Yoko Love & Clayton Carr -
Spankys
The Hollisters - Zephyr

Thursday, April 9

Gas Light District - Burt's Tiki
Kris Zeeman - Crocodile
Trouser Trout - Dead Goat
Elbow Finn - Liquid Joe's
Toilet Smurfs & Bomboras -
Spankys
Zulu Spear - Zephyr
Semi Sweet - Hog Wallow Pub

Friday, April 10

Dorian Grey - Crocodile
Gaslight District - Dead Goat
The Fly's, Chola - Holy Cow
Sun Mason's - Liquid Joe's
Frenchy & Wooden Slats -
Spankys
Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Saturday, April 11

Unlucky Boys - Burt's Tiki
The Mark Weston Band -
Dead Goat
Caroline's Spine, Concentrated Evil -
Liquid Joe's
Murder City Devils,
Zillionaires & Scrotum Poles -
Spankys
Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Sunday, April 12

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, April 13

Beaumonts - Burt's Tiki
Manti LaSal - Crocodile
The Larry Garner Band -
Dead Goat
The Uneven - Zephyr

Tuesday, April 14

Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki
Melissa Warner - Crocodile
Goat Jam - Dead Goat
Break on Through Doors
Tribute - Holy Cow

Wednesday, April 15

Swamp Donkeys - Burt's Tiki
Zak Lee and the Earth Jam -
Dead Goat
Swamp Mama Johnson -
Liquid Joe's
Sad I'Lea & Zero State -
Spankys
Gaslight District - Zephyr
Semi Sweet - Ichabob's

Thursday, April 16

Second Hand Grace - Burt's
Clapton Carr - Crocodile
Cheap Elwood - Dead Goat
Slapdown - Liquid Joe's
Rachel Searching & Floor 13 -
Spankys

Friday, April 17

Funk Ghost - Burt's Tiki
The John Hansen Jazz Band -
Crocodile Lounge
The Terry Evan Band - Dead
Goat
Chola - Holy Cow
We the Living with the Giver
- Liquid Joe's
Fistful & Red Bennies -
Spankys

Saturday, April 18

Swamp Cooler - Burt's Tiki
Sun Masons - Dead Goat
Fat Lady - Liquid Joe's
Unsound Mind & Twistdead
Fable - Spankys

Sunday, April 19

Mumbo Jumbo - Burt's Tiki
Straight No Chaser -
Crocodile Lounge
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, April 20

Blair Lundstedt - Crocodile
Studebaker John and the
Hawks - Dead Goat

Tuesday, April 21

Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki
Iris Zeeman - Crocodile
Goat Jam - Dead Goat

Wednesday, April 22

The Uneven - Dead Goat
Sidewalk Religion - Liquid
Joe's
Second Hand Grace -
Spankys

Thursday, April 23

Up Yer Sleeve - Burt's Tiki
Mary Tebbs - Crocodile
Trouser Trout - Dead Goat
Sun Masons - Liquid Joe's
Soul Solution & Paddleboat
Mobsters - Spankys

Friday, April 24

Dorian Grey - Crocodile
Back Alley Blues Band - Dead
Goat
Disco Drippers - Liquid Joe's
Elmer & The Uneven -
Spankys

Saturday, April 25

Dorian Grey - Crocodile
Spittin Lint - Dead Goat
Disco Drippers - Liquid Joe's
The Feel & Debaser - Spankys

Sunday, April 26

Straight No Chaser -
Crocodile Lounge
Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, April 27

Beaumont - Burt's Tiki
Manti La Sal - Crocodile

The Sonny Rhodes Band -
Dead Goat

Tuesday, April 28

Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki
Melissa Warner - Crocodile
Goat Jam - Dead Goat
Mary Tebbs - Hog Wallow
Pub

Wednesday, April 29

Casa Diablo - Burt's Tiki
Orange Zinger - Dead Goat
We the Living - Liquid Joe's
Clayton Carr & Corduroy -
Spankys

Thursday, April 30

Semi Sweet - Burt's Tiki
Clayton Carr - Crocodile
Up Yer Sleeve - Dead Goat
Prozaq Nation - Spankys
Cork - Liquid Joe's

*Ed Note: Hog Wallow Pub
is located at 3200 Big
Cottonwood Canyon Rd.*

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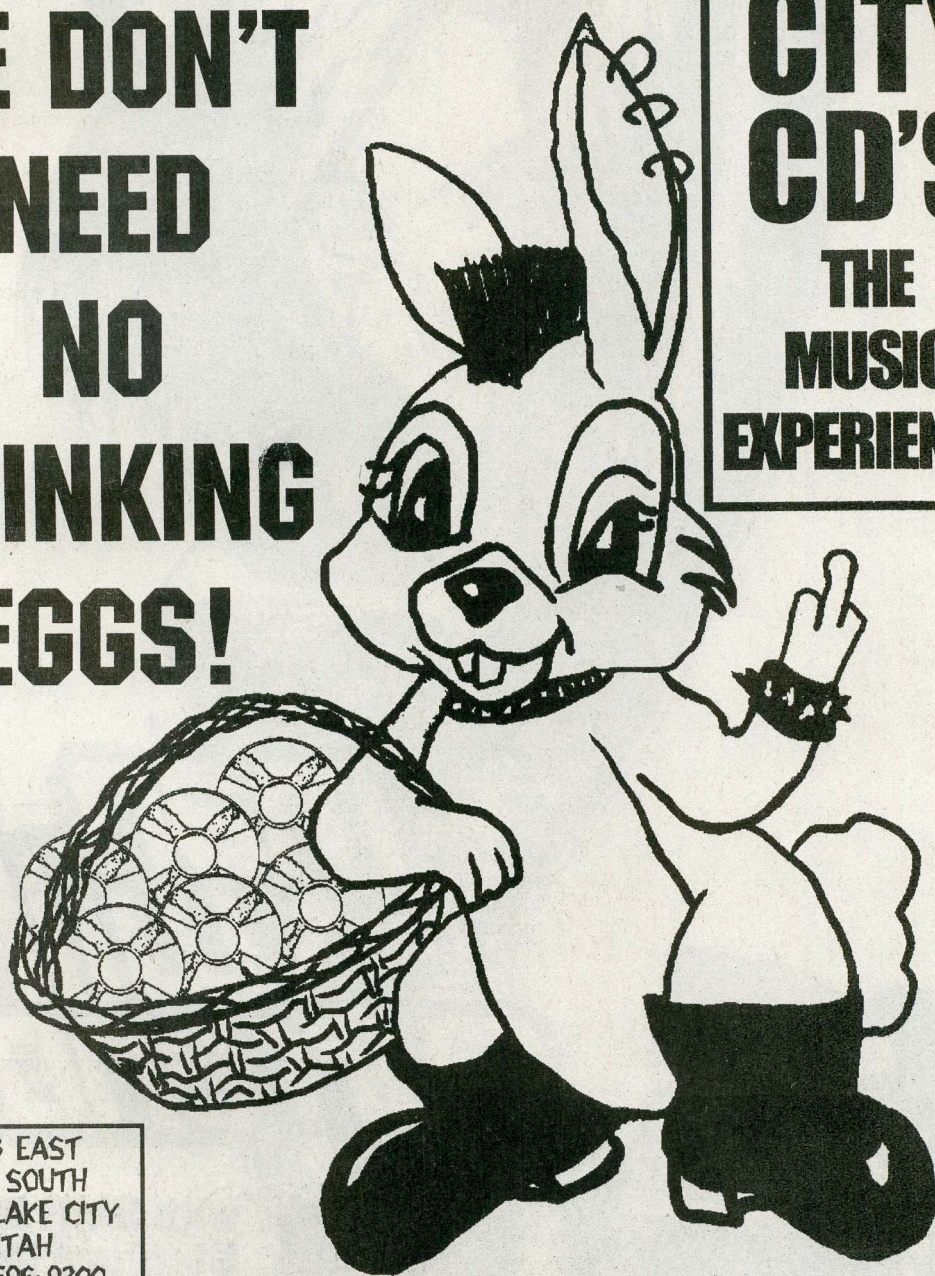
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Apologies to Frank K.



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